

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 1, 1988

America's National Sports Weekly

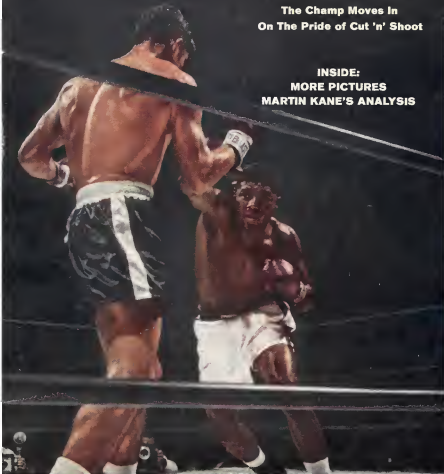
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PATTERSON V. HARRIS

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Cover: Patterson and Harris >

When Floyd Patterson met Roy Harris in the ring in Los Angeles, Hy Peskin, the ubiquitous sports photographer, was on hand with a fast lens and color film. The result was this cover picture, which was rushed to the engraver in Chicago, and established a new production record for four-color in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

Photograph by Hy Peskin

Next week



► A journey in color pictures to the Miramichi, the famed salmon river of New Brunswick, Canada, where in September the run of this great game fish reaches its climax.

► From San Francisco a report on the five-game series between the Giants and the Braves—which may decide the National League race or throw it into a new deadlock.

► After a summer of dramatic golf, Herbert Warren Wind reviews the Women's Amateur Championship and the fine British performances in the Curtis Cup matches.

Acknowledgments on page 48



18



20



31



38



48



58



Contents

SEPTEMBER 1, 1955 Volume 8, Number 9

- 12 **A Fight That Changed Two Faces**
Roy Harris' handsome face was left cut and bleeding, and boxing's economic face was irrevocably altered
- 18 **The Coronation of Queen Anne**
A sweet-swinging Stanford golfer coed (brunette) wins the National Women's Amateur
- 20 **Monster Roundup Out West**
The annual meet of the National Hot Rod Association is drawing the darriest contraptions ever
- 26 **Big League Balance Sheet**
As of August 22 the figures show that baseball owners have a lot to worry about
- 31 **Which Boat Will It Be?**
Corleton Mitchell assesses Vin, Columbia—and Weatherly—in the wake of the trials
- 34 **Endless Fascination of Water**
W. Eugene Smith, whose camera has a poet's eye, records some pleasant summer antics
- 38 **Preview: The Hunting Season**
In color, an adventure in the wooded state, Alaska, plus a directory for all the 49 states and Canada
- 48 **California Awaits the Amateur**
A preview of the U.S. Amateur championship to be held at the Olympic Club in San Francisco
- 58 **Fifty Years of Love and Tennis**
An unusual and happy reminiscence by the father of radio news, H. V. Kellbourn, and his wife, O. K.

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| 7 Scoreboard | 48 Golf |
| 9 X-ray | 53 Horse Racing |
| 10 Coming Events | 55 Baseball |
| 18 Wonderful World | 56 Bonnie Prudden |
| 22 Events & Discoveries | 57 Tennis |
| 47 Charles Goren | 65 19th Hole |

68 Pat on the Back

New all-transistor recorder works anywhere without plug-in!



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MEMO from the publisher

SPORT and physical fitness have as natural a partnership as bread and butter. While both have much to be said for themselves separately, they are even better together; and I'm sure that's the way everyone wants to see them.

Although sport in America has now come into an era of unprecedented popularity and participation, physical fitness, especially among our youth, has not made similar forward progress. This is a matter for obvious concern, as leaders on all levels have recognized. Most notably and on the highest level, President Eisenhower himself two years ago established the Council on Youth Fitness.

Periodically **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** has reported on the status of physical fitness throughout the country and the prospects for more of it. It has not yet been possible to break into thunderous applause, for what remains to be accomplished far outweighs what has been achieved. But there have been some conscientious and constructive efforts toward increasing the awareness of the significance of fitness and toward increasing the opportunities for our youth to develop it.

Among these is the Youth Fitness Program of the Junior Chamber of Commerce of which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is proud to be a co-sponsor (SI, July 7). Part of the Jaycees' national program is a competition among individual chapters for the

best programs designed to further physical fitness within their local communities. This week it is a pleasure for me to announce this year's winners in the five different population categories into which the competition falls. Among cities of 300,000 and over, it was the Minneapolis chapter, and in descending order of size, Springfield, Ill., Zanesville, Ohio, Sidney, Ohio, and Hagerstown, Ind.

All the programs are grounded in such classical sports activities as track, swimming, tennis and baseball—and derive their solidity from such essential and by no means sporting activities as publicity and the preparation of financial reports.

One thing the Jaycees know. It takes work to spread the butter on the bread. But they are setting a fine example in showing some of the best ways to do it. For that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** congratulates them heartily and to each of the winning chapters, in permanent admiration, is happy to present the silver Revere bowl you see here.



Harry R. Perry

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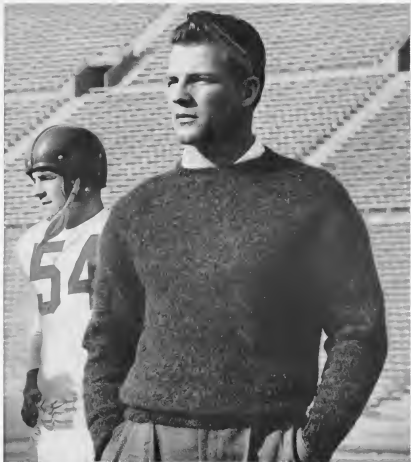
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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—NEW YORK YANKEES, who make habit of cooling off pretenders, lured streaking White Sox into Stadium, palped them off in two out of three before splitting Sunday pair with Detroit to send up week still 12 big games in front of Chicago. Meanwhile, Boston suddenly came alive against Cleveland and Kansas City, moved to within 1½ games of second place.

LOS ANGELES DODGERS, who have time beating anyone but Milwaukee these days, used unique spell to bump Braves in four out of five, maintaining own fragile position as fourth place and keeping Giants and Pirates in National League pennant race. But Braves found success in San Francisco, whipped Giants 8-5 to hold seven-game edge over hosts and Pirates, who won four from Redlegs, divided two with Cardinals.

MOVIEGOERS' bubble-gum-chewing mopelets, who captured nation's fancy at Wilsonian past year, did it again, routing Kankakee, Ill. 10-1 on Hector Torres' three-hitter, homers by Adolfo Galva, Manuel Mora, Hugo Lozano and Juan Castro for Mexico's second Little League World Series title. At Vancouver, John Houser dropped squeeze bunt in 10th inning, gave Charlotte, N.C. 4-2 victory over Mississippi, N.Y. and Babe Ruth World Series crown.

BOATING—AMERICA'S LOVE hopeless continued to test their muscles, completed eight-day Observation Trials at Newport. Blue-bulld Buller's, skippered by Arthur Knapp Jr., sailed off with best record—six victories, two defeats—but only barely ahead of oldtimer Van and highly regarded Columbia. Entomiser, still having its troubles, was unable to win even one race.

BILL STEAD, Nevada rancher, held bucking Maverick in line despite threat by dancing Bill Cantrell in Gate 1, thunderboated to victory at 105.481 mph in final heat of Silver Cup Regatta at Detroit to add to lead in hydro post standings.

FOOTBALL—CALIFORNIA, USC, UCLA, and WASHINGTON, who helped put last nail in Pacific Coast Conference coffin, banded together at San Francisco to form new conference to be known as Athletic Association of Western Universities. Big Four, leaving door open for Stanford to join in future, set up qualified plan for athletic grants-in-aid, hopefully agreed to put each other on honor to observe rules.

DETROIT LIONS, still a rowing from All-Star defeat, got over some early-game spattering, pulled out 17-7 victory over Cleveland, in other exhibition. Los Angeles turned Billy Wade's passing into 33-16 win over New York. Pittsburgh edged Green Bay 2-0 on Rucker Tom Miner's last-second field goal from 30; San Francisco just made it against Washington 20-19; Chicago Bears squeaked past Philadelphia 3-0; All-Star Heo Ruby Joe Conrad hosted 30-yard placement with five seconds to go to give Chicago Cards 21-21 tie with Baltimore.

TENNIS—HAM RICHARDSON, who has belied at making trip to Australia, and ALEX GLENN, Peruvian who studies at USC, teamed up for first time, swept through U.S. doubles tournament at Brookline, leading Barry MacKay and Sam Glencross 6-4, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4 in first all-American final since 1948, gave Davis Cup selection committee food for thought. Another new pair, unseeded Darlene Hard and Jeanne Arth, surprised Wimbledon Champions Althea Gibson and Maria Bueno 2-6, 6-3, 6-4 to win women's title.

GOLF—ANNE QUANT ended seven-year quest for U.S. women's amateur title, twice coming from behind with spray of birdies to upset Defending Champion JoAnne Gunderson 1 up in semifinals and then defeat pretty Barbara Rosenick 3 and 2 at Daven, Conn. (see page 18).

BOXING—HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION FLOYD PATTERSON, shoved to canvas in second round, methodically sliced up brave challenger Roy Harris, floored him four times before Texan's corner decided he had absorbed enough to call it quits at end of 12th in Los Angeles (see page 12).

WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION VIRGIL SKINS, battered bloody by Charlie (Tomblinson) Smith and behind on points, rushed out in 19th, sent his lanky tormentor sprawling, salvaged his slipping prestige when Referee Frank Sifers quickly stopped hostile verap at Chicago. Mustard Akira, ring-rusty and overweight at 150 pounds: "I'm not stirred with the way I looked."

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—BRITAIN'S upstart Stirling Moss, behind wheel of Vanwall, scurried into early lead, headfisted 133.47 miles in 2:01:26.66 to finish more than five minutes ahead of Countryman Mike Hawthorn's Ferrari in Grand Prix of Portugal at Oporto. Moss picked up eight points but trails Hawthorn 37 to 32 in race for world driving title.

PAT FLAHERTY, 1956 Indy winner who was forced to sidelines by near-fatal crash-up two years ago, returned to races for first time at Milwaukee, nursed his 1967 Chevy around one-mile speed track at 85.6-mph clip to win USAC 200-mile in 2:29.05.29.

HORSE RACING—CHIEF CHESTNUT'S unbeaten FIRST LANDING left last outclassed rival's foundering well behind as he romped to 5½-length victory in \$37,500 Hopeful Stakes at Saratoga to secure his seventh straight victory and bolster ranking as East's top 3-year-old. Jockey Aronow's strategy: "I popped him with the whip a few times because I didn't want him loafing with all that cabbage around."

ROUND TABLE stuffed \$54,100 more into Owner Travis Kerr's already bulging moneybag, moving handily past Hoop Band at head of stretch to gallop home first in \$85,200 Arlington Handicap. Unbeaten on grass, Round Table brought earnings to cool \$1,213,114, moved within \$78,451 of retired Nashua's all-time record.

continued

focus on the deed . . .



BEST IN MAJORS, Cuba's Enrie Banks heads for first as his 49th homer sails into the seats at Chicago. Two days later, he hit No. 41.



BEST IN EAST, unbeaten 3-year-old First Landing, Arcata, up, shows his heels to First Minister (right) in Hopeful Stakes (see above).



BEST IN WILLIAMSPORT, Mexican Little Leaguers' Andres Galvan (left) and Hugo Lozano get hug from Sponsor R. E. Gingrich.

SWIMMING AUSTRALIAN Wunderkind 2001 JOONAH, chastised at defeat by Japan's Tsuyoshi Yamamoto (see right), heaped back into pool next night, twice outthrust rival (in 400-meter freestyle, 800-meter freestyle relay) as Aussie overthrew Japanese in good-will meet at Osaka. Australians claimed two world records when John Monroton clocked 1:31.5 for 100-meter backstroke leg, led Teammate Terry Gathercole, Brian Wilkinson and John Derritt to 4:10.4 for 400-meter medley relay.

THE BETA AMBULANCE, hunky Danish-born Californian housewife, plunged into misty English Channel at Cap Gris Nez, France, fraught of snarekneak and seaweariness (which elapsed 25 of 29 swimmers) as the plowed through swift currents in time to rock 'n' roll tunes, awarded ashore 11 hours later at Deadman Gulch on Britain's rocky shore to sun mass race for second time, \$1,400 in cash and trophy worth \$3,080. Day earlier another American, Bert Thomas, thrashed same route in 19 hours 26 minutes, fueled in attempt to complete round trip.

TRACK & FIELD—ROMANIA, as expected, plucked off 11 gold medals (10 right for Poland, seven for Britain, six for Germany); for Kremlin appreciation, dominated rharb and surpise-filled European Games at Stockholm. But most notable individual performance was recorded by Brittain's Brian Hewson, reluctant starter in 1,500 meters, who outglugged Sweden's Dan Warner and Ireland's Ron Delany in thriller, snatched time in five 3.21.9.

SHOOTING—TRAPshooters filled countryside at Vandalia, Ill. with bang-bang of scatter-guns and when smoke cleared Emerson Clark, 66, of Preston, Ont., had won Grand American Handicap while Ned Lilly of Stanton, Mich., took over-all title.

FENCING—ITALY'S GIAN CARLO BERGAMINI, master of parry and thrust, won men's foil title as world championships began at Philadelphia. Team champions: Italy, men's épée, France, men's foil; Russia, women's foil.

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL—**EAST**, ante West, 4-3, *Negro American League All-Star game*, Chicago

BICYCLE RACING—**ART LONGJACQ**, Fishburg, Mass., 300m Tour du St. Laurent, on 8/17-88, Québec.

BOATING—**JACK VILAS**, Chicago, Ill. *Ladies 16*
class title, Chicago
21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-10

JOHN JENNINGS, St Petersburg, Fla., Natl. Wildlife Charismatic, Male, 36.

RYAN AND SULLIVAN, Chubbuck, Meigs, Ind.
 200-gram bottle, with 100 g. H₂O, Rpt. N Y
 200-gram bottle with 100 g. H₂O, Rpt. N Y

HARRY SYNDLE, *Localities, N F, N American*
Flying Dutchman Isls, with 184 pic. St. Michael, Md.

SRTW CURWIN, American PC, Intl. 120 class
 614, w/48 4914 pps, Lanthorn, N Y
 MEXX H600770 V, driven by George Ryan Jr.

Calcutta, India, Nall T-4000 Hydro file, Locomobile

BOXING—BOBBY CALDWELL, 6-round TKO over Soldier Mower, light heavier, Shorbrooke, Que.
GIL TURNER, 10-round decision over Stefan Bell, welterweights, New York.

000 show—CH GOLDEN PINE'S BROWN BEAR (golden retriever), owned by Judith Szwed, Rochester, N.Y., best-in-show, Newtown EC, Dedham, Conn.

GOLF—**FAY CROCKER**, Dugway, Waterloo
[Used 10 pins, with 241 for 72 holes]
JERRY GREENBAUM, Atlantic, Joppatowne, Jr.
400, with 241 for 72 holes. Tucson, Ariz.

HARBOR RACING—KUTK. \$25,140 Brook Park, Fla. m., by 7 1/2 lengths, in 2:10 1/4. Yonkers Raceway 4th m., by 2 1/2 lengths, in 2:10 1/4.

HORSE RACING—ESTABLISHED 1864

HORSE RACING—ESTABLISH: 220,000. Market
N, 1 1/2 m. By 1 1/2 lengths, on July 1, Arlington Pk.
Jockey Club, Inc.

SHORE LILLY. \$15.00 Buckner H. 71, m. 1.

INTERNATIONAL MOTORS ROUTES—R.I. 1

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—D.F.L.

JOHNSTON, Greenwich, Conn. [nongator].
Season: BCCA Berkshires N.Y. Halls, with 47 pic.

200-m Grand Neph, on 1/22/16, with 10 Li-seph

average, on 1-27 Cherry, Myrtle Beach, S.C.
 AUGUST 1950, Los Angeles, 1-24. dry car sun-
 shine, on 2-27 at 28, with 27 2-inch showers. Mid-

TENNIS—SALLY FERGUSON, Bakersfield, Calif., over Margaret Thomas, 6-2, 6-4, U.S. gold prize over the underdogs. Match played.

M.A. ANDERSON, Australia, over Ashley Cooper, 6-4, 7-5, 7-6, Newport *[R.T.]* men's singles.

faces in the crowd . . .



X-RAY

When the Dodgers slowed Milwaukee down the NL pennant race was alive once more



MUCH MALIGNED Dodgers finally showed fans in Los Angeles what it used to be like in Brooklyn as they won four out of five games from the Braves. Don Drysdale (right) hit three homers and limited Milwaukee to nine hits and two runs while beating them twice. Gil Hodges hit the 14th grand slam of his career and batted .321 for the week.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (8/17–8/23)

	Season	Week
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Los Angeles	5-2	714
San Francisco	4-3	662
St. Louis	4-3	575
Cincinnati	4-3	571
Pittsburgh	4-4	580
Milwaukee	3-4	479
Chicago	2-5	706
Philadelphia	2-5	286

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Kansas City	6-7	790	57-44	6
Chicago	4-7	647	86-53	8
Baltimore	6-2	825	56-52	6
New York	3-3	508	77-46	6
Boston	1-3	506	61-59	7
Detroit	2-4	335	58-62	2
Cleveland	2-4	333	59-55	11
Washington	1-5	287	51-70	2

TEAM LEADERS

[illegible]

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (1st August 22)

参考文献

[illegible]

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

022

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Plays Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
Basin, Bob (307)	180	66	168
Thomas, Phil (295)	168	84	142
Alton, Mel (338)	88	51	129
Reyes, Sam (317)	81	45	125
Boone, Sam (294)	76	50	131
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Jennett, Bob (313)	72	74	146
Landrum, Ray (304)	70	74	141
Turner, Walt (285)	72	58	131
Fowler, Glen (308)	79	51	130
Cora, Ike (301)	73	56	129

THE ROCKIES

	NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Rating	Copied: SF 305	Fairfax: Wash 268
Base rate	Copied: SF 22	Wash: Clay 7
B&B	Copied: SF 74	Aspenmont: Wash 23
Pickup	Somerset: Phil 1-8	Cost: Clay 3-10

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Pittsburgh to Buffalo	85¢	55¢	15¢
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Boston to St. Louis	\$2.00	\$1.35	35¢
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COMING EVENTS

August 29 to September 4
All times E D T

★ Television ★ Color Television ★ National Radio

Friday, August 29

- BOATING**
North American diamond-keel dinghy regatta (final day), Vancouver, B.C.
- BOXING**
Gibbs vs. Jordan, light, 10 rds., Madison Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- HORSE RACING**
Fall Hightweight Handicap, \$25,000, Belmont Park, N.Y.
- HORSE SHOW**
Preliminary Pan-American team tryouts, Colorado Springs, Colo. (through Aug. 31)
U.S. Equestrian team trials, Haverhill, Mass.
- TENNIS**
USTA Natl. Regionals, Forest Hills, N.Y. (through Sept. 1, semifinals & finals, NBC-TV)

Saturday, August 30

- 516 RACES**
Natl. Champs., Fort Wayne (also Aug. 31)
- AUTO RACING**
Natl. Hot Rods Champs., Oklahoma City (through Sept. 2)
- BASEBALL**
Detroit at Chicago, 7:30 p.m. (CBS)
Pittsburgh at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
Baltimore at Boston, 1:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- BOATING**
Duke of York Power Boat trophy, Haverhill, Ont. (also Aug. 31)
NOLA Pro-Clam champs., McAbner, Cal. (through Sept. 2)
- GOLF**
Open Turner Open, \$7,500, Barnersville, Cal. (through Sept. 2)
- HORSE RACING**
Washington Park Futurity, \$75,000, Washington-Arlington, Ill.
Vancouver Handicap, \$25,000, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
Del Mar Derby, \$25,000, Del Mar, Calif. (through Sept. 2)
- SOFTBALL**
Women's World Tournament, Stratford, Conn. (through Sept. 3)

Sunday, August 31

- BASEBALL**
Philadelphia at Cincinnati, 3:45 p.m. (CBS)
Pittsburgh at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- POLO**
Natl. Open, Winnetka, Ill. (through Sept. 7)

Monday, September 1

- AUTO RACING**
NASCAR Southern "500," stock cars, Darlington, S.C.
USAC Big Car Champs., street, Du Quoin, Ill.
USAC Mail Truck Car Champs., Trenton, N.J.
- BOATING**
America's Cup, final trials, Newport, R.I.
- HORSE RACING**
Washington Park Handicap, \$100,000, Washington-Arlington, Ill.
Atlantic City Handicap, \$50,000, Atlantic City, N.J.

Tuesday, September 2

- HORSE RACING**
Horseman Stakes Trot, \$57,000, Indianapolis.

Wednesday, September 3

- BOATING**
Int'l. Luffing Class Champ., Beach Haven, N.J. (through Sept. 6)
- BOXING**
Melrose vs. Anthony, light heavies, 10 rds., Rye Brook, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- HORSE RACING**
The Fox Stakes Pace, \$45,000, Indianapolis.

Thursday, September 4

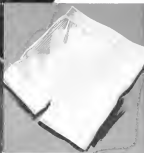
- BOATING**
Int'l. Forest Champs., East Hampton, N.Y. (through Sept. 7)

*See local listing

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HARRIS MADE HIS BEST TRIES WITH A RIGHT UPPERCUT THAT LANDED OFTEN, BUT THIS TIME THE CHAMPION SLIPPED IT

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
SEPTEMBER 1, 1958

THE FIGHT THAT

Valiant Roy Harris, pride of Cut and Shoot, had his handsome face altered by the fast, hard fists of Floyd Patterson in a title fight that also changed the economic face of boxing

by MARTIN KANE

BLOOD GUSHED from a deep, raw cut on his left eyelid, from a streaming gash alongside the same eye, from his nose, from a cut near the right eye and from his temple. It dribbled down his chest and it stained his opponent's glossy white trunks. It sprayed ring-siders as his head was rocked by blow after blow.

This was the handsome Roy Harris, heavyweight challenger from Cut and Shoot, Texas, the most celebrated little community of the year. He was taking a bad beating at the hands of

Champion Floyd Patterson, a cold-eyed, crouching stalker. But he fought back, too, flashing a fast left hand and bringing up a strong right uppercut. At every such exchange the crowd of 21,680 which had paid a California record of \$234,183.25 to sit in Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, roared hoarse applause. When Harris landed there was a special roar from Texas pilgrims and a crazed waving of ten-gallon hats. Across the land, and especially in Texas, tens of thousands—perhaps as many as 300,000—saw

the fight on theater television and paid upwards of \$1 million for the privilege. It was a highly successful promotion, the more astonishing in that it was the maiden effort of Bill Rosensohn, hitherto a television man, who had to buck a critical press that kept predicting his failure on the grounds that Harris was unknown outside of Texas and Patterson had not fought a heavyweight of stature since he won the title.

Both premises were true enough, but the crowd streamed into the park and into the theaters anyhow. Though the fight was one-sided there was tension in almost every round.

Patterson's head blows took spectacularly obvious effect, but inside, and invisibly, the schoolteacher must have been sickened by punches to the spleen, liver and heart, punches that



AN UPPERCUT THAT DID LAND LED TO THE SECOND-ROUND "KNOCKDOWN" OF PATTERSON BUT WAS FOLLOWED BY A HARD PUSH

CHANGED TWO FACES

Photographs by Phil Basha

leave no gross mark but hurt far more than gaudy head blows. Patterson weakened his sturdy opponent with crushing, painful smashes of a kind that once caused the seemingly insensate Hurricane Jackson to squeal in agony. Harris, a man with a good stoic soul, just gasped for breath through a scarlet mouthpiece.

It took the champion 12 bloody, bruising rounds to beat Harris, the best of the three men he has met since winning the title and very likely the second-best heavyweight.

Patterson, in a manner of speaking, had to get off the floor to do it. In the second round the champ found himself sitting flat on the seat of his trunk for a four-count, while all the Texans in the world, it seemed, screamed for his blood. Referee Mushy Callahan ruled it a knock-

down, after some hesitation, though Patterson had fallen more from a push than a punch. But an instant before the push he had been hit by an excellent right uppercut (see above), which is Harris' best punch and one he scored with repeatedly in the early stages. Expecting more, Patterson tried to move away, but his footwork, based on an unorthodox square stance and designed more for forward than backward movement, never has been of the fanciest in retreat. In retreat this time he found himself off balance as Harris, trying for a following left hook, caught him on the side of the head with the left forearm and pushed him on down.

Patterson got up quickly, bashed but unabashed. Then the champion was hit by a true hook. He admitted that this blow "dizzed" him.

Five rounds later, beginning to regain the sharpness that only actual fighting can give, Patterson started his own series of knockdowns, not one of them questionable. He felled the challenger with a right hand in the seventh, knocked him down twice, once with each hand, in the eighth, and put him down again with a long right hand smash in the 12th.

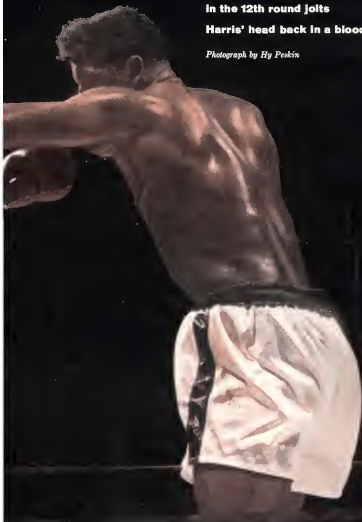
That last knockdown was revealing. Harris hesitated before going down. For what seemed like two seconds he stood there, knees sagging, his face reflecting only a dazed consideration of the situation. Then he slumped to the canvas. He started up again and Patterson lunged across the ring to try for a finisher. Harris has splendid legs but he found them too wobbly for support. He sank to

continued



**The enormous power of one
of Patterson's finely timed punches
in the 12th round jolts
Harris' head back in a bloody shower**

Photograph by Hy Peskin



one knee and Patterson withdrew while the count went on to nine. Technically, Referee Callahan might have stopped the fight there, for Harris had gone down without being hit. (There had been a dressing room agreement before the fight that the referee would not stop the bout except on request of the loser's corner.)

Somehow, in spite of rights to the body and blazing head combinations, Harris survived that round and was even ready for another. Only his lean, white-haired trainer, Bill Gore, had had enough. Gore signaled to

which calls for eight-ounce gloves in championship fights, though six-ounce gloves are used elsewhere when a title is at stake. The gloves seemed to have much of the weight on the wrists instead of on the punching surface so that, while they weighed a legal eight ounces, they had the effect of six-ounce weapons. Patterson's manager, Cus D'Amato, noted also that the leather seemed thinner than is customary and suggested that this may have been a factor in the blood bath.

Even Patterson was horrified at the bloody spectacle Harris presented. "Generally," Patterson said, "I

don't seriously." Even so, Harris does not punch with adequate authority for a heavyweight.

Harris left the ring to the cheers of thousands who had come in the expectation, based on aboard reports of 7-to-1 odds, that he must succumb early to Patterson's thundering fists. Instead, he made a fight of it.

Joe Louis, a pithy man, summed it up better than anyone.

"When a man that punch get in the ring with a man that can't punch," the old champion said, "the man that can't punch he better be awful fancy and this man just ain't fancy enough."

Promoting out of native ability and ignorance, with veteran Jack Hurley as consultant, Bill Rosenzohn proudly contemplated success. The previous California record gate, the Sugar Ray Robinson-Boho Olson middleweight title fight of 1956, was promoted by the very experienced International Boxing Club and was topped in this case by \$852.25. Patterson also holds the Pacific Coast gate record, set at Seattle against Pete Rademacher.

Patterson's share of the net gate was \$191,384.41. In addition he may get as much as \$300,000 more from TelePrompTer, which handled the theater TV, and a possible \$60,000 from the movies. Out of his share Patterson paid Harris a \$100,000 guarantee. The champion will net close to \$300,000.

Certain lessons may be drawn from the fight:

1) Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, has won his war with the IBC. He has established that the manager of a champion can make money for his fighter (and, importantly, for other fighters) outside the IBC pale. It is a lesson that he expects will be read and understood by other managers. "This breaks the back of the IBC," a D'Amato follower said in a postfight glow of glee. "It was a very successful promotion." Whether or not it gave the IBC even a bad case of lumbago, it vaulted D'Amato into a position of extraordinary power in boxing. He now has two well-heeled promoters, Emil Lence and Bill Rosenzohn, eager to handle his champion's fights. Lence is attempting to get Madison Square Garden for late October or early November, so that Patterson may fight in New York, though no one knows the opponent. D'Amato has also committed Patterson to a June 1959 fight at Colorado



TWO PRETTY WIVES. Jean Harris (left) and Sandra Patterson (right) saw the fight with quite different emotions. Mrs. Harris at ringside, Mrs. Patterson in a theater.

the referee that the fight was over.

If it had gone the full 15 Harris might have been ruined as a fighter forever. As it is, he hopes that Gore will be available to give him more training so that he may try again, perhaps a year from now. In the few weeks that Gore worked with him, Harris, hitherto trained in a rough-and-tumble school, learned much about the professional way.

The cuts were entirely unanticipated. Harris had no previous reputation as a profuse bleeder. After 22 fights, in which he never had been defeated, his face showed no scar tissue. But in this fight he busted up easier than a Carmen Basilio.

One explanation came from the Patterson camp. The gloves were peculiar and may have represented an effort to counteract California law,

don't look at an opponent's face. I keep my eye on the center of his chest because that way I can tell whether he is moving his muscles to throw a right or a left. But once I looked up into his face and it seemed all I could see was flesh and blood. I didn't want to hit him around the eyes any more so after that I aimed for his chin."

One such chin shot was so powerful it sprayed all the blood off Harris' face and left it as though it had been wiped with a towel.

Harris proved to Patterson's satisfaction that he is a better puncher than was thought before the fight, though he still needs to pivot in order to get more steam into his drives.

"He hits harder than people say he hits," Patterson said. "It's a lucky thing I don't listen to what they say. He hurt me a couple of times, but

Springs, again against an undetermined opponent. This would be in celebration of Colorado's centennial, *Rack to the Rockies*, and highlight an exceptional, months-long sports program, ranging from skiing to track.

2) Patterson must fight oftener. At 23, he should be close to his peak but a year's layoff has dulled his once-sharp weapons. Now he may well fight three or four times a year, as he desires. Thus his sharpness can be preserved. These fights probably will be against ranking contenders, too, for now that D'Amato has established that he alone rules the heavy-weight roost this amazingly stubborn manager can, without loss of face, take on even such so-called "IBC fighters" as Zora Foley, Eddie Machen and Willie Pastrano.

3) Having won his war, D'Amato now faces a moral obligation to see that Patterson, his loyal champion, achieves recognition as one of the great heavyweights. This can be done only by letting him fight all comers of sufficient ranking.

4) The big fights for a long time hereafter will be dominated by theater television. Theater TV audiences were impressed by the enormous size of the fighters on the big screen and by a sense of presence and participation that resulted from being in a big, responsive crowd instead of being seated before a small screen with a few friends in the living room. They laughed, booed and cheered like fight crowds anywhere and few of them will ever again prefer to see a big fight on a little screen if they can see it in a theater. This alone is enough to put the IBC, tied so intimately to home television, in second place. Such organizations as TelePrompTer and Theater Network Television (TNT and TNT) have the money and the potential income to offer the fighters guarantees far beyond anything they would get from stadium promoters or free home television, or both. Home television sponsors, who once laid out a \$300,000 guarantee for the Rocky Marciano-Jersey Joe Walcott second fight (a one-round fiasco), are not likely to try that again. So fight fans will have to pay to see the really big fights hereafter. If you are a fighter that will seem only fair.

5) When pay television enters the home in the far distant future, as is certain when the FCC can tune in on the possibilities of the medium it rules, a championship gate of \$5 million will be ordinary.

ENO



KNOCKED DOWN four times in 12 rounds, Harris took one count of nine but fought back bravely after each knockdown despite terrible punishment by Patterson.

HEAD BLOODY and bowed, Harris slumps in dressing room after Trainer Gore stopped the fight and his father, Big Henry, told him "It ain't no use, boy."



WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN ANNE

THE NEW U.S. Women's Amateur champion is a tall, slender girl from Marysville, Washington, Anne Quast. She is on the verge of turning 21, a senior at Stanford (where she is majoring in history), and a tremendous gallery favorite wherever she plays since her natural charm comes through like a ton of bricks, and spectators, depending on their age, see in her the wishful projection of their daughter or their girl friend.

Ebullient and talkative off the course, and on it as a rule, Anne was all thoughtfulness and purpose during the long week of the championship at the Wee Burn Club in Darien, Connecticut—and with very good reason. First, she had to make her way through six matches in four days in order to reach the semifinal round. There, against the defending champion, JoAnne Gunderson, the Sam Snead of women's amateur golf (both as a profoundly talented player and a humorous speechmaker), Anne found herself 3 down with eight holes to go. Her own dogged play and some loose shots by JoAnne enabled her to hold on, rally, and square the match at the 16th green. On the 17th she won it by ripping a great three-iron approach into the wind and over the wide frontal bunker protecting the green—two feet from the pin.

Anne Quast arrived at victory in the 36-hole final only after a similarly spectacular uphill battle against perky Barbara Romack, an insurance saleswoman from Sacramento who won the national championship in 1954 and who now, in the increasingly youthful climate of women's amateur golf, ranks as a veteran at the ripe old age of 25. A stalwart competitor with a much more advanced repertoire of shots today than she had when she won the title, Barbara was around in 75, even par, in the morning and carried a 3-hole lead into the second 18. She continued to play at this same clip in the afternoon but it simply wasn't good enough in the face of the burst of really tremendous golf which Anne Quast somehow summoned at the critical point in the long week of competition. After fighting her way back so that she stood only 1 down after the 27th, Anne evened the match by birdieing the 28th, went out in front by dropping a 25-footer for a birdie on the 30th, held her lead by matching Barbara's birdie on the 31st, added the 33rd with a par to go 2 up, and closed out the match, 3 and 2, on the 34th with still another birdie—her fourth in seven holes. It is hard to recall such an irresistible rally and rush in women's golf ... or, for that matter, a more thoroughly winning champion.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND



IN STRETCH RALLY, Anne Quast, who had been putting spottily, recovered her touch and holed three hard birdie putts.

SHORT BUT STRAIGHT off the tee, the new champion's strong points are her solid middle-iron play and her firm pitch shots.





RUNNER-UP BARBARA ROMACK is pictured at three stages of the final: driving early in the match; holding a 14-footer on the 18th green to go 3 up at lunch; and at difficult moment on the 34th green where Quast's final birdie ended the match.



SPONTANEOUS PERSONAL CROWNING of her successor as champion is sponsored at presentation ceremonies by JoAnne

Gunderson who plants on new queen's head the warbler hat JoAnne had picked up in a little corner of the Tyrol in Times Square.

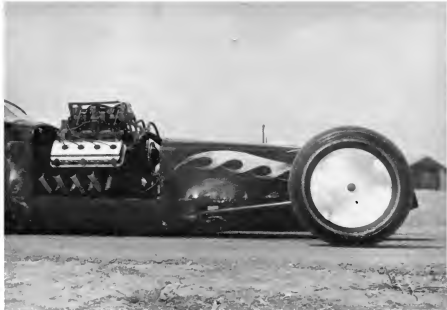
MONSTER ROUNDUP OUT WEST

CUCKS and ducks and geese had to scurry when the hot-rod people moved into Oklahoma. About 500 of this happy, grease-stained breed were congregating at the National Hot Rod Association's annual meet at the state fairgrounds in Oklahoma City, with some of the darndest contraptions you ever saw. They'll attract some 50,000 spectators to a four-day show starting August 29.

Among the monsters most likely to succeed is the 15-foot-long, needle-nosed Dragliner Special (*bottom picture*). This is one of four rapid dragsters built by Dede Martin, 31, a plasterer, and Jim Nelson, 30, a machinist, of Oceanside, Calif. They spent \$3,000 on the sleek Dragliner, which has a warmed-up 1955 Chevy engine beneath its aluminum skin and has hit 133.9 mph.

A near twin of the Austin Bantam "Creoper" (*top picture*) will be entered by Maillard Automotive Engineering of Long Beach, Calif. Painted flames curl toward the 1953 Dodge V-8 amidships. The driver scooches down inside what is left of a 1931 Austin Bantam. A Santa Ana mechanic named Harland Dodd spent almost a year building it, and it won a class championship last year.





EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

September

THE STRIPED BASS now lurking off the coast of Cape Cod are getting ready for their annual dash back to Chesapeake Bay. Football coaches, as avid as parted lovers, are reading over letters of intent from promising high school athletes who, if there is no slip-up, will be reporting in a matter of days now. The Yankees and Braves (the man at the end of the bar was saying) are in like Flynn. Waitresses at the summer resorts are going back to college and so is Roy Harris of Cut and Shoot, Texas, who spent a profitable, if not entirely pleasant, vacation in California. August vacationers are home, looking insufferably rested by comparison with the wan and wilted people who spent the month in the hot, humid city. Persons born under the sign of Virgo (like Umpire Ed Rommel) can expect action after the 10th of the month, the horoscopes say. There will be days now when the first hint of fall will be in the air. In East Lansing, Michigan, the man who puts on hay rides and pulls the hay wagons with a tractor instead of horses will be available for parties. The young folks,

most of them students at Michigan State University, will sing the old songs as they ride along, drinking beer out of tin cans. They will sing, among others, the old favorite, *Säine on, Harrest Moon*. It will be a good theme song for this particular September when man is shooting off things that may, inadvertently, knock that old moon right out of there.

A Rube in Bangor

CARLTON WILLEY is a tangle of raw bones, freckles, gapped teeth and bashfulness who lives in Cherryfield, Maine. Even in Bangor they would call him a rube. They would except for this: Carlton Willey, a 27-year-old rookie with the Milwaukee Braves, has pitched three shutouts this year, won eight games and lost only four. And he is the only State of Maine man in the major leagues. He is, in his way, Cherryfield's answer to Cut and Shoot, Texas.

The son of a hunting guide and blueberry packer, Willey left Cherryfield (pop. 1,000) to join the old Boston Braves in 1950 for a mere \$700. He went up to Milwaukee last June after winning 21 games for Wichita

the season before. His father, with indigenous thriftiness, suggests Carlton "could've held out for more money at first, but I wanted him to get out and pitch." Certainly, that was what Willey was accustomed to doing. Whatever Cherryfield had not been (it does not even have a good blueberry crop this year), it had been a good baseball town while Carlton was growing up and, with the help of his father, a onetime semipro who played every position except pitcher, he learned the delivery motion he still uses. "Nobody else taught Cardy anything until he attended the Braves' clinics," Phil Willey boasts. "He had nine homers in 10 games at one stage. Used to be quite a hitter around here, but of course they don't teach him anything about it now." (Willey is currently hitting .111.) In fact, the younger Willey was so much a part of Cherryfield baseball, the town team folded up when he went off with the Braves. "No pitchin'," says Father Willey with a shrug.

Not that anybody minds that nowadays. People for miles around, even in Bangor, stay up late into the night whenever Cardy pitches, just to catch the score. Shorty Nelson, a Cherryfield car dealer, is even trying to raise money for a banner over the main stem advertising the home town hero. "Of course, Cardy just has no publicity," says Mrs. Harold Nickerson, mother of his wife Nancy, "out the town sure would love to get some. Or something to improve conditions. Lord knows, we need it."

On Old Broadway

AFTER 90 YEARS of unwavering dedication to old people and old ideas, Saratoga, that staid and sylvan racing retreat in upstate New York, gave

They Said It

BILLY JOE PATTON, upon being named captain of the Americas Cup golf team: "I'm highly flattered—but I'm afraid it's only a sign you're getting old when they start naming you captain."

DIZZY DEAN, addressing guests at St. Louis' All-Star baseball banquet: "I may not have been the greatest pitcher—but I was amongst them."

R. E. WILSON, Chester, S.C. high school football coach, after his defensive halfback had dreamed he was being chased by a runaway truck and thereupon had jumped out a window, breaking his collarbone: "Well, anyway, the truck didn't kill him."

pause last week to some young people with a young idea of their own. Nine young ladies and nine old animals slightly resembling horses (two legs on each side) were allowed to walk in the same elmed, quiescent paddock that has served down the years as a walking ring for such common critters as Man o' War, Gallant Fox, Equipoise and Native Dancer.

With the inspiration of blonde Mrs. Faith Iglehart, the daughter of Concessionaire Frank Stevens, Saratoga ran its first Powder Puff Derby. The Powder Puff Derby as an art form originated at Pimlico some 19 years ago, and it involves, of all things, lady jockeys.

Saratoga's lady jockeys included Socialite Nancy Marr; Eddie Arcaro's 16-year-old daughter Carolyn; Barbara Cole, the wife of Jockey Sidney Cole; and Audrey Walsh, the daughter

of Stoeplechase Trainer Mickey Walsh. But the real attention fell on the 24-year-old exercise girl and Manhattanville College graduate, Betty Haight of New Bedford, N.Y.

While there was no sanctioned betting, Saratoga is not the type of town (see page 53) to let horses run without having a sentimental deuce on the outcome. The betting was man-to-man and quite heavy.

Throughout the stable area the exercise boys spread information, "Broadway (a stable pony owned by F. Ambrose Clark) looks like a cinch." "It's Broadway against the field." "Look who he's got ridin' him. Betty Haight. She's broken yearlings. She's exercised horses in the morning and she's been to college."

In the clubhouse Frank Sullivan, the author and resident wit, leaned against a white picket fence. As the

battered field paraded past him he felt a tag on his right sleeve. "What do you know about Broadway, Frank?" a man asked him. Sullivan thought a minute and then whispered in the man's ear, "It's four blocks down and one block over."

When the horses went onto the track, Marshall Cassidy, Director of Racing in New York, brought them to a walk-up start. "I doubt," he said, "if half of them get away." But he was wrong. They went off in a line when the flag fell, and soon Broadway surged to the front with Betty Haight, crouching businesslike and expertly low in her saddle, riding for all she was worth. At the end of the quarter-mile, she and Broadway were easy winners, with Audrey Walsh second and Carolyn Arcaro a fast-closing third.

When the Powder Puff Derby was over, Saratoga went back to its quaint and quiet ways with but one exception: from now on, the race will be an annual event.

The Derby had also made a significant contribution to the lore of racing. The word is never bet on trainers' daughters, never bet on jockeys' daughters. Always bet on exercise girls.

Shocking Grouse Season

THE GROUSE SEASON opened in England the other day, and it must be reported that conditions were shocking, ranging (said *The Times* of London) from "the miserable to the modest." Driving mist on sodden moors, that sort of thing, in the south. Somewhat better to the north, some sunshine actually, but everything late because of stormy weather previously. Heather very late.

In Inverness-shire, the morning was sunny, afternoon clouded over. Even so, Mr. Ewan Ormiston and party took 190 brace. Good show, Ormiston's, since he has a standing order for 200 brace from "21," the New York restaurant.

Devonshire expects a wretched season because of the heavy rains which have damaged heather and killed thousands of birds. The report is that

continued



"Now, Cus, let's climb Mount Rushmore."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

the Duke of Devonshire has quite abandoned all notion of shooting his 5,000 acres in the Peak district this season.

Outlook none too good anywhere. Evidence of tick disease at Altyre and Dallas, and on Deeside, birds are very small.



The news not completely bad, of course. In East Lothian, Lord Whitburgh, with six guns, shot at Mayshels and took 52½ brace.

A chap was saying he had never seen the weather quite so bad. He blamed submarines churning up waters under the North Pole. Another chap took the view that the subsens craft had nothing to do with it. "In any case," he added, "mustn't grouse, you know."

Homers in the Heat

THIS has been one of the hottest summers in history in Phoenix, Ariz. and, through some mysterious interaction of heat and baseball, the league-leading Phoenix Giants are breaking the Pacific Coast League record in hitting home runs. One theory is that the heat makes the ball livelier. The veteran Dusty Rhodes, who has hit 23 homers so far, thinks the dry air handicaps pitchers. "They try to get their curves low," Rhodes says, "but they don't break so well here. They stay a little higher, and we hit the hell out of them." Hollis Thurston, the Chicago White Sox scout, while timing runners to first, made the astonishing discovery that fly balls stay aloft longer in Arizona. They seem to hover in the dry, windless air, in the hot nights of a region that has cloudy skies only 30 times a year.

Whatever the meteorological explanation, the Phoenix batters have been lofting them toward the desert stars. The Municipal Stadium out beyond

the high school is big, the center field fence 430 feet from home, and the lights, moved from the Polo Grounds in New York, are the best in the minors, but the fences do not belly out between the foul lines and center, so that left and right field fences are only about 340 feet. Phoenix homers soar over everything, often heading for spaces over the fence on a line and then beginning a gradual rise just past the fence. It has been that way ever since the hot weather began last May. Except for three days when it dropped to 99°, 97° and 90°, the temperature has gone over 100° every day since June 14. In Phoenix, visiting teams and the Giants have hit more than 200 homers, less than half that many in the home parks of the visitors. On August 6, 7 and 8, when the temperature ranged from 102° to 104°, there were 10 homers in three games at Phoenix, and, in addition, a bat slipped from Relief Pitcher Joe Shipley as he was batting and sailed 125 feet, slightly injuring a spectator.

Back in 1933 Salt Lake set the record with 204 homers for a 199-game season; at the present rate the Phoenix team should wind up with about 216 for a 154-game season. The Phoenix record would be higher, except that Leon Wagner, Felipe Alou and Willie Kirkland, who put in hitches this year with Phoenix, were called up to the parent San Francisco Giants just as they were going strong, Wagner and Alou having 30 homers between them at the time.



Boomerang

He crawled into his sleeping bag
And dreamed the beasts were tame;
Before the morning sun was up
The bag was in the game.

—ROMAN FRENCH

Fish 'n' Ships

A COUPLE of recent, highly non-secret reports have come to hand which suggest that boat designers ought to be giving more thought than they do to the efficiency of finned propulsion. First, from Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N.J. (home of the testing tanks that shaped the lines of the America's Cup yachts) comes the report that there is something mighty mysterious about the porpoise.

Resident engineers at Stevens found that if the obvious estimates are made as to the resistance of a porpoise-shaped object traveling under water, then the mathematics of energy indicates that the porpoise would have to eat an almost impossibly enormous amount of food in order to keep going. The answer, say the engineers, is that obviously the porpoise slips through the water with a lot less resistance than an inanimate object the same size. Why no one knows.

Stevens, you may be sure, is going to come up with some answers, and boating will be the better for it. In the meantime, an energetic fish watcher across the Atlantic has come in with a second report. The man is Edmund Watts, managing director of Watts, Watts & Co. Ltd., the London shipping firm. Director Watts says he has been keeping an eye on the tunny, trying to divine why it is able to make such a fat living off its natural prey.

After some thinking and watching, Watts decided that the unusual horizontal stabilizer fin of the tunny's tail was, in effect, its meal ticket, enabling it to outmaneuver nonstabilizer types. Unhesitatingly, Watts ordered a comparable fin fitted forward of the propellers of the steam vessel *Woodwick*, then in the company's service. Sea tests proved Watts little short of a genius.

"Crossed the Atlantic on her twice in February," reports Watts, "in very bad weather. Then we had a bit of bucketing around in the Mediterranean and finally came up against a northeast monsoon in the southern Red Sea. I spent quite a lot of time on my stomach in the bottom of the ship listening with a stethoscope to

the water flow past the fins." Wool-risk completed her sea test with an average speed record at least a half knot better than that of her sister ships, and was generally a faster-handling boat. Watts, belly-down, proved to his own satisfaction that it was fins that did it.

Obviously there is much more to be done in the study of finned propulsion. In fact, the splendid results produced by the very earliest fish watcher on record have yet to be matched in our own age. The man, Peter Pett, was a ship designer in King Henry VIII's day, and much fascinated by the speed at which the bulky whale could travel. He located an accessible whale, washed up on England's strand and got the body lines and sections down on paper. Pett's next ship, shaped very much like a whale underneath, outsailed other ships its size in the English Navy. At that point, Pett, the practical fish watcher, had, singlehanded, started England on her way toward sovereignty of the seas and provided all the encouragement that should be needed to get present-day designers down to the sea to start watching.

Champion

IN THE FIRST ROUND of the National Women's Golf Championship at Darien, Conn., Mrs. Edwin H. Vare Jr. was eliminated by a young Canadian, Rosemary Neundorff of Toronto. If the match itself was not especially newsworthy, the mere presence of Mrs. Vare in the tournament was. For Mrs. Vare is the former Glenna Collett, winner of six national championships. She won her first 35 years ago, her last in 1935.

Mrs. Vare, knowledgeable spectators observed, approaches the game with her old verve, and her swing (right down to that incredibly active left foot) is much the same as it was in the days of her top form.

After the match, some of her old friends were telling Mrs. Vare how good it was to see her in the tournament again. They expressed the hope that she would be playing in it more often in the future.

"Oh, if it's held in the East," said



"The basses are loaded!"

Mrs. Vare, "I'll certainly enter. I don't like to get too far away from our place at Point Judith in Rhode Island. I wish they'd hold the tournament there. On that course, I'm really tough."

Four-button Model

BOATERS on Lake Gibson, in Oklahoma, are sometimes startled by the sight of a lone water skier plowing smoothly down the lake, towed by a boat with nobody in it. Where, they ask themselves, did the operator of the outboard motor fall overboard, and at what point will the unspooled craft splinter itself on the shore? Then the boat and the skier cut a precise arc in the water and go back the way they came, giving the weird illusion that the boat has a mind of its own.

It hasn't, though. The brain that steers the boat belongs to the man who rides the skis, a 37-year-old radio equipment salesman named Robert A. Miller. Tired of having his wife misinterpret his shouts and signals, he

rigged about \$100 worth of electric motors and relays to the outboard engine, stretched a control cable down the towline, and mounted four push-buttons on his tow bar—one for more speed, one for less, and two for turning. Now Mrs. Miller stays contentedly ashore and watches.

For spills, there is a safety switch on the tow bar. When the skier releases his grip on it, the outboard motor stops. Spills, however, have been strictly experimental. Miller has developed such a skillful hand on the pushbutton that he can ski in figure eights around the piers of a bridge that crosses the lake. He sends the boat away from the dock by itself and then follows it on his skis when the towline is all paid out. For landings, he comes in slowly, parallel to the dock, and cuts the engine. When he loses momentum and his skis begin to sink he just leans to one side and sits down on the dock. Why this arrangement? "It's just a matter of personal taste," says Miller. "I don't like to get wet."

BIG LEAGUE BALANCE SHEET AS OF AUG. 22, 1958

	CAPACITY	HOME DATES	1957	1958	GAIN/LOSS
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
LOS ANGELES	44,000	58	922,494	1,639,236	716,742
MILWAUKEE	43,761	56	1,492,347	1,537,771	45,424
PITTSBURGH	34,249	50	610,455	912,949	302,494
SAN FRANCISCO	22,000	51	541,166	969,129	427,963
CHICAGO	36,795	56	626,367	1,478,655	852,288
ST. LOUIS	30,500	48	736,713	1,192,671	455,958
PHILADELPHIA	33,529	49	717,127	293,406	113,279
CINCINNATI	24,514	54	840,507	869,206	28,699
TOTAL			7,157,180	8,260,846	1,103,666
AMERICAN LEAGUE					
NEW YORK	67,000	53	1,251,374	1,763,416	512,042
DETROIT	32,904	54	781,920	979,331	197,411
BOSTON	34,119	51	1,011,234	915,564	95,670
KANSAS CITY	30,611	56	740,059	733,330	6,729
BALTIMORE	47,778	52	1,590,521	690,582	900,000
CHICAGO	46,350	51	1,772,812	653,842	1,118,970
CLEVELAND	72,500	50	611,931	534,616	77,315
WASHINGTON	25,669	52	344,634	981,241	636,607
TOTAL			6,474,456	6,056,485	417,971
MAJOR LEAGUE TOTAL			13,631,636	14,317,331	685,695

THE STATISTICS above are dearer to the hearts of big league club owners than any batting average or won-lost record. They show how many people are paying to see ball games this season. Total attendance is about half a million ahead of last year's, but without baseball's newest franchises, Los Angeles and San Francisco, it is running half a million behind 1957.

There are a number of explanations for some of the 1958 losses. The cold, wet spring canceled many potential big-crowd games. By the time they were replayed, all semblance of a pennant race, in the American League at least, had disappeared. The Yankees were hurt by their own runaway lead, but attendance at home still averaged out at 21,995 per game. No team has suffered worse than the Chicago White Sox. Their fans had pre-season hopes that this might be the year their team would beat the Yankees. When the Sox lost 18 of their first 25 games, the fans stopped coming.

Near the bottom of the attendance list is Cleveland, which may touch a new 13-year low. It is not surprising, therefore, that William R. Daley, board chairman, wants to move to Minneapolis. So does Calvin Griffith

of the Washington Senators, whose attendance will be under half a million for the fourth straight year. In connection with a move by the Senators, it must be said parenthetically that a good number of the team's die-hard fans believe that the problem would be solved if Griffith himself packed up and shuffled off and left the team behind.

Obviously, Cleveland and Washington both can't move to Minneapolis. One team will have to look elsewhere. Sitting patiently just outside the limelight is Houston, the largest city in the country (pop. 910,000) without a big league ball team.

But mere moving won't solve everything for baseball. The events of the past five years, during which the Boston Braves, the St. Louis Browns, the Philadelphia Athletics, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants have seemingly saved their shirts by pulling up stakes and performing before a new audience, suggest that nothing is better for ailing baseball business than a change of scenery. But the happy smiles now lighting up the faces of those interested gamblers who directed the moves may be only temporary, and their shirts

may yet be in peril. Does it follow that their new-found fans will be any more faithful in the long run than those of waning faith they left behind in Boston, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Manhattan? Certainly not. Baseball fans are human wherever you find them.

A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reader, W. Travis Walton of Abilene, Texas, spelled out the basic problem in a letter to the 19TH HOLE (SI, Aug. 11). He pointed out that times have changed, that America is no longer a nation of watchers, but of doers. The implication is that from now on it is going to take a bit of doing to get the new doers to watch. Summing up, Mr. Walton said:

"Why should a guy with a boat in the driveway, golf clubs in the car, bowling ball and tennis racket in the closet, a trunkful of camping equipment, two boys in the Little League and a body full of energy left over from shorter working hours pay to sit and do nothing but watch a mediocre game. . .?"

Do big league club owners read figures like those above in the light of these facts of modern life? There is considerable evidence they do not.



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WHICH WILL IT BE?



THE FOUR AMERICAN CONTENDERS PARADE TOWARD THE LEeward MARK IN AN OCEANIC APPROXIMATION OF CLOSE-ORDER GRILL

Until last week's Observation Trials it looked like a two-boat race, but then came 'Weatherly's' dramatic challenge to 'Columbia' and 'Vim'

by CARLETON MITCHELL

As the week of Observation Trials progressed off Newport, a low-pitched murmur of speculation rose and swelled into a chorus of conjecture. From the waterfront pubs of Thames Street to the hallowed sands of Bailey's Beach, from the crowded tables of Christie's to the subdued dining room of the Clambake Club, rang the refrain: "How do you think it looks to the cup committee?"

Before the second series of trials to select a defender of the America's Cup, the picture appeared to be fairly clear. After the preliminaries in July, *Columbia* seemed on her way to a relatively certain role against *Scotie* in September; true, *Vim* had shaded her in their completed and uncompleted match races, but *Columbia* had won two three-boat events by impressive margins, and it was only logical to think she would improve more than her 19-year-old sister. *Weatherly* and *Easterner* showed flashes, but nothing to entitle them to

serious consideration. Almost unanimously, the refrain was, "Hail, *Columbia*."

Then, in early August, the four candidates sailed seven races during the annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club, a port-to-port affair, including a couple of triangular events. It was announced results would not count toward selection, but the presence of Harold Vanderbilt and other members of the cup committee insured that tabs were being kept. While legally the evidence might be inadmissible, it would be hard to eradicate from the minds of the on-looking jury the results reached. Further, at least after it entered Buzzard's Bay, the fleet was generally favored with fresh winds and good courses. One member of the cup committee remarked, thinking of the unfortunate week of calm, fog and fluky airs off Newport: "The cruise was a better test than the first trials."

And wonderful old *Vim* simply

creamed *Columbia*, winning five out of seven races and possibly missing the sixth by being part of a three-boat melee which resulted in her crossing the line early and having to go back. In starts, in tactics, in sail-handling, in just plain getting through the water faster, *Vim* had the edge. She redressed the balances: of 10 non-match races, consisting of three or more starters and including the Charles Francis Adams Cup race sailed before the others were ready, the score stood at five each.

Thus on the eve of the Observation Trials the situation in which one boat apparently was dominant was transformed into a two-boat battle. After the Preliminary Trials a member of the *Columbia* group had jubilantly exclaimed, "Another *Ranger*." *Ranger*, the "super J," had sailed through the summer of 1937 with only three defeats: she had won 31 of 34 completed races against a variety of competition in all sorts of conditions, racking up a perfect score of 12 for 12 in match events. Practically speaking, she was unbeatable. *Columbia*, clearly enough, was not. The committee's task had become more difficult, but it still seemed a choice between the two Stephens designs.

The Observation Trials began in

continued

an air of heightened tension, partially occasioned by the universal feeling that early-season jitters, errors and breakdowns could no longer be condoned, partially because *Seppie* had arrived in the U.S. as a visible symbol of the climax. At first, the status quo still quoted.

Saturday, August 16, was a dreary, drizzly, overcast day, wind at start light northeast, backing to north, returning to east but never strengthening beyond 15 knots. Division I: *Vin* defeated *Weatherly*. Division II: *Columbia* walloped *Easterner*.

Although a long Atlantic swell slid in from the gray offshore reaches on Sunday, the sou'west wind did not freshen enough to top with a breaking crest. In Division I, *Vin* and *Columbia* staged a real thriller, going twice around a 23.6-mile course as though tied together by invisible strings, *Vin* winning by 16 seconds—virtually a heartbeat a mile. Division II: *Weatherly* over *Easterner*.

On Monday, as a cold front passed, the wind shifted from sou'west to nor'west, effectively eliminating the planned windward leg. The race became a close-reaching parade, the starting gun sounding a knell for the finish. Division I: *Columbia* led *Weatherly* all the way round. Division II: *Vin* ditto *Easterner*.

Still the pattern had stayed the same. *Vin* or *Columbia*, it seemed—take your choice—although the older boat led the new in match racing by a 2-1 score. *Weatherly* and *Easterner* continued in the role of sparring partners—perhaps more appropriately, punching bags—for the Stephens creations.

On Tuesday, over the 24.2-mile windward-leeward course in a wind west-northwest 13 knots at the start, which freshened considerably during the afternoon, the pattern abruptly changed after *Columbia* had easily inflicted the expected defeat on

the hapless *Easterner* in Division I. When Division II went, *Weatherly* overcame *Vin* by 26 seconds—only a small margin, only a cloud on the horizon as big as a baby's hand, only a tiny break in the dike. "Man bites dog," grinned Arthur Knapp, back at the mooring.

The next afternoon, in a brilliant cloudless sou'wester of moderate strength, *Columbia* outdistanced *Vin* by a wide margin to win Division I. The victory was not surprising, but the distance between the two was. In elation, a member of *Columbia's* afterguard declared: "She is starting to do what Olin Stephens predicted she would." A gleam of the *Ranger* luster revived overnight. Meanwhile, in Division II, *Weatherly* again took the measure of *Easterner*.

On Thursday it was clear in the morning, and clear when the committee hoisted course signals to a south-west wind of 6 knots. In Division I *Weatherly* snatched the start from *Columbia*, and in the light windward work opened a considerable lead. Both were swallowed in a patch of fog, and *Columbia* emerged well on top, having moved ahead in a tacking duel. She rounded the weather mark with *Weatherly* on her tail. The fog shut down again, thick. But when they crossed the line in a hide-and-seek finish, *Weatherly* was the victor, having gained on the spinnaker run and come out best in a tactical situation involving navigation. Three straight for *Weatherly*. In Division II, *Vin* defeated *Easterner*.

That ended the twice-around round robin, but the cup committee wanted to see more. Friday, in Division I, *Columbia* won from *Easterner*, while *Weatherly*, in Division II, proved her earlier victories no fluke by leading *Vin* all the way around a 27.6-mile course in a sou'wester.

On Saturday the featured match was Division I, which had *Columbia* locked in mortal combat with *Vin*. This time *Columbia* was trounced, to

thoroughly confuse the issue. *Vin* had a two-length lead at the start which she gradually increased to win as decisively as she had been defeated earlier in the week. In Division II, *Weatherly* won her fifth in a row by shading *Easterner*.

Thus in a sense the pressure shifted from the contestants to the cup committee. What had appeared as an automatic nomination of one outstanding boat and later changed into a relatively simple choice between two, had suddenly been transformed into a thorny matter of evaluation and selection among three. Statistically, *Weatherly* won the Observation Trials with six victories to two defeats, while *Vin* and *Columbia* each had a record of five and three. *Vin's* total match score against *Columbia* stood at three and two. Clearly, as predicted before the summer began, the "superboat," the breakthrough design, was not to appear: crews, helmsmanship, sails and organization would be a decisive factor.

The gentlemen who have the full, weighty responsibility of selection are missing little and saying nothing. Each day the cup committee splits up; three are aboard the motor sailor *Versatile*, captained by Harold Vandebilt, three are on the power yacht *Vedersvik*. One vessel closely follows each division, start to finish, watching every move, timing starts, timing sail changes, timing tacks, noting tactics, deciding what is due to chance and what to foresight and skill. Each evening both groups meet and "chew things over," as Charles F. Havemeyer of the committee puts it. For this reason, no scoring system of points for winning races and for defeating boats could ever give as accurate a line on performance.

The America's Cup committee has completely discretionary—and wholly autocratic—powers in the selection of a defender. The chairman could name any of the four candidates tomorrow and make it stick. The group

SCUTTLEBUTT

Scuttlebutt is the name for a ship's drinking fountain—the place for rumor-sweeping. Herewith Boating Reporter Mort Lund passes on the current Newport scuttlebutt:

THE bottom of *Columbia* is not good. . . . She was hauled 40 minutes after the last trial. . . . She looked smooth when she was hauled. . . . *Weatherly* was likewise hauled. Arthur Knapp did it just to make Briggs

Cunningham think something was going to be changed. Knapp lacks organization. . . . Knapp did a superb job remaking *Weatherly* and her crew.

The way to make *Easterner* win is to put Designer Hunt at the helm. . . . take some lead off the keel. . . . revamp the crew. Wait, Hunt has definitely said he is going to add lead to her. There's a new mainsail on the way for *Easterner* to put her back in the game. Poor

does not have to concern itself with statistics; its sole responsibility is to select the yacht which in its opinion is most likely to keep the cup firmly on its pedestal in the model room at 37 West 44 Street.

In the past the won-lost box score has not wholly governed selection. In 1939 *Enterprise* was picked after shading *Weatherose* 14 firsts and six seconds to 12 firsts and 6 seconds. But in 1934 *Rainbow* was chosen over *Yankee* after coming into the Final Trials with the dismal record of 10 losses in 12 starts. Vanderbilt wrote: "Alibis or no alibis, the final results, which always count more than anything else with selection committees and the press, could not have been worse." When *Rainbow* lost the first of her final matches against *Yankee*, *Rainbow's* navigator noted in the log: "This will come near finishing our hash." Yet lo! a dose of lead ballast and stouter gear—*Yankee* broke down during a squall in the third race—turned the tide. *Rainbow* was chosen after her fifth match with *Yankee* when *Rainbow* crossed the finish one second in front—three feet in 30 miles. The committee's arbitrary decision was apparently justified: *Rainbow* was chosen because she improved so much late in the season and had demonstrated her ability to win against a faster boat by superior crew work. She kept improving after initial defeats in the cup matches, and superior crew work undoubtedly carried her to ultimate victory over *Endeavor*. Thus the argument for deductive analysis over mathematical formula, as applied to yacht racing.

On any basis, *Weatherly* during the Observation Trials was the most improved yacht of the quartet, showing impressive speeds on all points of sailing in the light-to-moderate winds which prevailed. The reason? Skipper Arthur Knapp shrugs and chews his pipestem contemplatively: "Maybe it was the culmination of two months of hard work. It was

probably due to lots of little things. We're getting to know the boat. We've now got some good sails. We're setting up the backstays tighter. Maybe we're going to windward better by sailing full and not pinching. Or maybe it's because of a comment by Owen Aisher, who came over with *Sceptre*. I was telling him about my lousy start against *Columbia* on Monday and the chase around the committee boat with *Vim* the next day, and he said: 'Hold the sheets in your hands. A 12 is nothing but a bloody overgrown dinghy.' I started thinking about *Weatherly* that way, and it's worked. Maybe I had stage fright before." At any rate, *Weatherly* has undoubtedly become a factor in the cup committee's discussions: her sail-handling had always drawn favorable comment, and now everything else seemed to be jelling. Ballast added after the first series appeared to have helped, not only in overcoming a tendency to be tender in a freshening breeze, but in all conditions.

Columbia seemed the puzzle of the series. Despite her showing on the New York Yacht Club cruise, her supporters felt sure she would come into her own in match racing. But while she at times demonstrated terrific bursts of speed, at other times she looked dead. Perhaps in her case the addition of ballast and resultant decrease of sail area, effected just before the trials, did not benefit her. She undoubtedly needed more wind than she found. Yet her starts were notably unaggressive and tardy, and her crew work was not what might be expected from such an outstanding group of sailors. In the opinion of most observers, she is still the boat with the greatest potential. It does not detract from her demonstrated ability to say she does not appear to have truly found herself—and time is running out. *Vim* continues a consistent and tough competitor. She had unquestionably been the most brilliant on the starting line, and her

tactics are seldom in error. She moves well in both light and fresh breezes, to windward and to leeward. Her sail complement is extensive and excellent. The defeats she suffered in the middle of the series, after defeating each boat in turn, might have been caused by a willingness to experiment with sails and gear in search of still greater efficiency. Significantly, a "banana boom," very limber, was passed as legal but discarded after the decisive defeat by *Columbia*.

Unfortunately, the fourth contender, *Eusterner*, has not kept up the competitive pace. Flashes of form have indicated basic speed, but she has yet to win a match race. Chandler Hovey, her owner, declared from the first she would be a family boat. He began the Preliminary Trials by including as crew his daughter and two grandchildren—something like taking on the Chicago Bears between courses of a picnic.

Eusterner also suffered from a minimum complement of sails. Now there are new additions to both sails and crew. It must not be forgotten that *Eusterner* has had the least time since launching; perhaps her turn will come in the next series, especially as she is a favored heavy-weather boat. To date there has not been a single slugging match in heavy wind and sea to test a defender in the conditions which may be encountered against *Sceptre*—herself weakened on the near gales of the Solent—in late September. Using the precedent of *Rainbow*, *Eusterner* should not be counted out.

So in the Final Trials the selection of the defender will contain as much drama as the races themselves, and the heat is equally on committee and contestants. The chairman of the cup committee, W.A.W. Stewart, said in 1937, "*Ranger* selected herself." Stewart is again chairman, again confronted with the responsibility of naming a defender. But this time it looks as though he and his colleagues will have to work at it. END

girl, she's been run on a shoestring . . . only one mainsail to her name. . . . *Columbia* has six. . . .

The new Dacron sails have overstretched, some of them. A couple of boats had to run through more changes of suit than a lingerie model. . . . The *Columbia* syndicate is bust, cannot afford one sail. . . . There's a new main being made for *Columbia* at Ratsey's right now.

Sceptre looks powerful as a bull cruising out there

alone, her French genoa pulls like a tugboat. . . . She's buying American sail . . . her Terylene is no good. . . .

Columbia will get picked. Everyone knows that. . . . The selection committee is New York Yacht Club and she's the New York Yacht Club boat. . . . The committee likes *Vim* . . . she's Vanderbilt's old boat. . . .

And so it goes, right down to the finish of the last race, . . .



The Endless

Photographed by W. Eugene Smith

*The hot ride is over and the smell of water
is sweet . . . and a little girl is ready*



*Cool prints on a hot rock, the mark of happy feet
skipping after joy and finding it in simple wetness*



Fascination of Water

Watching his children and some of their friends at play in a shaded stream near Croton, N.Y., Photographer Smith, whose camera has a poet's eye, rediscovered the endless fascination with water that is fresh in every child in every generation. There are

games and toys all year around, of course, but in summer there is the water. In a pool or pond or lake or sea, or even flowing by, it is always there, inviting. The water is a mystery to be solved, an excitement to the touch, something for long, long thoughts.




*Running and splashing—dripping bodies tingling with delight. The trees
are green, the shade is cool and peaceful—and there's water*



Wet and clear, familiar certainly—but is it cold, is it good, does it hurt? The answers are important, the attitudes of a lifetime are involved. Is the water a friend?



Where does it come from—up from the bottom? Why does it hold my picture, and does the picture go clear through, all the way?



*I can sit here all day and Mommy doesn't mind. I can see
everybody, but they can only see my nose and my head. I
can stay here all day, the water is as nice as my bed*

PREVIEW

The fall hunt is on in the 49 states

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

**Sports Illustrated presents a hunting
adventure in the newest state (opposite) plus
a directory for the others and Canada, too**

LORETTA AND TED VAN THIEL, who are shown on the following pages hunting Alaska's big game, are typical of 14 million Americans who will take to the woods this fall. As the 1958 season opens across the country, this army of outdoorsmen will hunt more than 50 kinds of big and small game—with shotguns, rifles and bows and arrows—over every kind of terrain from the swampy bays of the East Coast to the snow-capped mountains of the West.

The outlook for hunters this year is better than ever. Game populations in most of the country continue to increase slowly but steadily. Under enlightened conservation programs throughout the U.S. and Canada's network of game departments, even more improved game conditions can be predicted in the years to come.

The most significant change on the hunting scene this year, however, is not in game but in hunters. More women than ever before will take an active part—with their men or without them—in the nation's second most popular sport. Some of them, like Loretta Van Thiel, will be old hands with a rifle; others will sight down barrels for the first time. All will experience, at least in part, what Mrs. Van Thiel describes as "the incredible challenge of outfoxing the wild."

Loretta Van Thiel has been "outfoxing the wild" ever

since she was a teen-ager in Bend, Oregon. "I wasn't a tomboy," she says, "just an outdoor girl." When central Oregon's deer became too tame a quarry for her adventurous spirit, she headed north to Alaska and bigger game. In Anchorage she met her husband, a sporting goods dealer and an equally enthusiastic outdoorsman. In the years between their first encounter and the Van Thiels' recent move to Lewistown, Montana, they have hunted grouse in Alberta, ducks and geese in Washington, more deer in Oregon, upland birds in Mexico and mountain sheep, big browns, grizzly bears, wolves, caribou and moose in Alaska.

"That moose (see page 42) was really a challenge," Loretta recalls. "We had to beat our way through two hilly miles of what can only be called rough, cotton-pickin' brush. Most of it was nine to 11 feet high, and when we finally got close enough to fire, the moose was perched on the side of a steep mountain grade. My first shot was off, but the second was definitely on. He came rolling down the mountain as if he'd been poleaxed." An early injury had impaired the growth of one antler, but even so, Loretta's moose had a 67½-inch spread—a lot of trophy to pack back over the rugged Alaskan countryside.

"If you expect to be welcome on hunts with the men," Loretta said with a wry smile, "you just have to do your damndest to keep up. Besides, hunting is more fun that way."

Almost a million women will be following Mrs. Van Thiel's lead this year, and whether they decide to go after big game or upland birds, it is safe to assume that 1958 will be a great season afield.

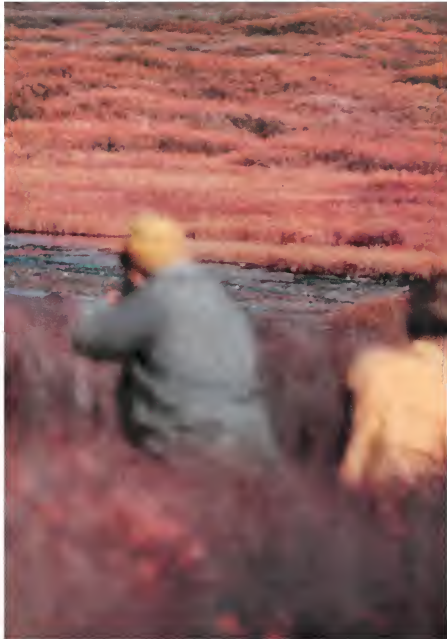
FOR A 1958 SEASON DIRECTORY, SEE PAGE 43

MOMENT OF HOPE for Ted Van Thiel came long stalk for shot at two moose in Tazlina country of Alaska. Van Thiel picked bull at left, successfully downed it.



A photograph of a bull caribou splashing in a body of water. The caribou is in the middle of a jump or fall, with its legs and head visible above the water surface. The water is dark and turbulent. The background consists of a vast, flat landscape with low-lying vegetation in shades of brown and orange, suggesting a tundra or marshy area. The sky is not visible, as the horizon line is low.

MOMENT OF ACTION follows painstaking hour and a half stalk through heavy brush in lake country north of Anchorage. Guide (right) watches as Ted Van Thiel drops a bull caribou with single shot.





MOMENT OF TRIUMPH for Loretta Van Thiel follows successful hunt as guide packs out antlers of her trophy.

1958 HUNTING SEASONS

As the new hunting year gets under way, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, with the assistance of the game commissions of the U.S. and Canada, presents a guide to open seasons across the continent. The dates which appear in this guide are the earliest and latest on which specific game may be hunted. Within this general framework, actual seasons often vary according to local conditions. The average

length of each of these seasons is listed after the general dates, followed by the daily bag limits on small game. To avoid delays and disappointments, sportsmen should consult local regulations for the specific area in which they intend to hunt before planning a trip. These regulations may be obtained by writing to the individual game commissions located in the cities listed after each state.

*Subject to change **Special permit required. †Additional spring hunting season. ‡Total bag limit for entire season.

ALABAMA: Montgomery

Big game: *Res. \$3, moose, \$25*
DEER Nov. 1-Jan. 4, 65 days
Big-game license good for small game
RABBIT Oct. 1-Feb. 20, 112 days, 5
WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
QUAIL Nov. 20-Feb. 15, 87 days, 10
TURKEY Nov. 1-Jan. 11, 62 days, 1

ALASKA: Washington, D.C.

Big game: *Res. \$2, moose, \$25*
BROWN BEAR** Sept. 1-June 30, 6 months
BLACK BEAR Aug. 20-June 30, 10 months
CARIBOU Aug. 20-Dec. 31, 120 days
PTER Aug. 20-Nov. 30, 103 days
ELEK Sept. 5-Nov. 5, 20 days
MOOSE Aug. 20-Dec. 10, 42 days
MOUNTAIN GOAT Aug. 20-Nov. 30, 85 days
SAMEX Aug. 15-Sept. 10, 20 days
Small game: Res. \$2, moose, \$25
HARE Sept. 1-April 30, 8 months, 5
RABBIT Sept. 1-April 30, 8 months, 5
FRANCIS Aug. 20-April 15, 7½ months, 10
GRONK Aug. 20-April 15, 7½ months, 10
PTARMIGAN Aug. 20-April 15, 7½ months, 20

ARIZONA: Phoenix

Big game: *Res. \$5, moose, \$20*
ANTELOPE** Sept. 20-Sept. 22, 3 days
BEAR** Sept. 1-Feb. 28, 121 days
BUFFALO** Nov. 17-Nov. 20, 4 days
DEER** Sept. 19-Dec. 5, 21 days
ELK** Sept. 26-Nov. 8, 8 days
JAVELINA** Jan. 1-Feb. 15, 10 days
SAMEX** Nov. 21-Nov. 30, 10 days
Big-game license good for small game
RABBIT No closed season, 10
TURKEY Oct. 4-Oct. 7, 3 days, 1

ARKANSAS: Little Rock

Big game: *Res. \$2.50, moose, \$25*
DEER Nov. 16-Dec. 13, 6 days
Small game: Res. \$2.50, moose, \$25
RABBIT Sept. 1-Jan. 31, 122 days, 5
QUAIL Dec. 1-Jan. 31, 62 days, 5
TURKEY April 6-April 12, 7 days, 1

CALIFORNIA: Sacramento

Big game: *Res. \$4, moose, \$25*
BEAR** Aug. 2-Jan. 15, 125 days
DEER** Aug. 2-Oct. 26, 85 days
BOAR Oct. 1-March 31, 6 months
Big-game license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-Jan. 1, 76 days, 5
SQUIRREL Nov. 1-Jan. 1, 53 days, 2
GRONK Sept. 1-Oct. 12, 2 days, 2
CHUCK Nov. 1-Jan. 1, 60 days, 2
PRESANT Nov. 15-Dec. 14, 32 days, 2
QUAIL Oct. 4-Jan. 1, 45 days, 6

COLORADO: Denver

Big game: *Res. \$3, moose, \$10*
ANTELOPE** Sept. 20-Sept. 22, 3 days
BEAR April 1-Nov. 15, 8 months
DEER** Sept. 20-Dec. 31, 20 days
ELK** Oct. 15-Nov. 10, 19 days
SHRIMP** Aug. 30-Nov. 23, 9 days
Small game: Res. \$2, moose, \$10
RABBIT** Sept. 1-Feb. 28, 6 months, 10
QUAIL** Nov. 9-Dec. 5, 8 days, 10
PRESANT** Oct. 11-Dec. 9, 3 days, 3

CONNECTICUT: Hartford

Big game: *Res. \$1.50, moose, \$12.50*
DEER** Dec. 6-Dec. 13, 8 days
Big-game license good for small game
HARE Dec. 6-Jan. 3, 28 days, 2
HARE Dec. 25-Jan. 10, 47 days, 2
GAUSE Oct. 25-Nov. 25, 35 days, 2
CHUCK Oct. 25-Nov. 25, 35 days, 2
PRESANT Oct. 25-Nov. 25, 35 days, 2

DELAWARE: Dover

Big game: *Res. \$2.25, moose, \$10*
DEER Oct. 1-Nov. 17, 2 days
Big-game license good for small game
RABBIT Nov. 21-Jan. 3, 44 days, 4
WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
QUAIL Nov. 21-Jan. 3, 44 days, 4
PRESANT Nov. 21-Jan. 3, 44 days, 2

FLORIDA: Tallahassee

Big game: *Res. \$7.50, moose, \$25.50*
BEAR** Oct. 4-Jan. 11, 28 days
DEER Oct. 10-Jan. 11, 49 days
WILD BOAR Oct. 10-Jan. 4, 49 days
Big-game license good for small game
QUAIL Nov. 15-Feb. 1, 77 days, 10
TURKEY Nov. 15-Jan. 18, 63 days, 2

GEORGIA: Atlanta

Big game: *Res. \$2.50, moose, \$20.25*
BEAR Nov. 1-Jan. 5, 64 days
DEER Nov. 1-Jan. 5, 40 days
WILD BOAR No closed season
Big-game license good for small game
RABBIT Nov. 20-Feb. 25, 77 days, 10
SQUIRREL Sept. 15-Jan. 5, 72 days, 10
GRONK Nov. 20-Jan. 5, 47 days, 3
CHUCK No closed season or limit
TURKEY Nov. 1-Jan. 5, 64 days, 2

IDAHOO: Boise

Big game: *Res. \$2.50, moose, \$75*
ANTELOPE** Sept. 27-Oct. 12, 2 days
BEAR No closed season
DEER** Sept. 23-Dec. 14, 30 days

ELK** Sept. 15-Nov. 30, 30 days
MOOSE** Sept. 13-Oct. 12, 20 days
MOUNTAIN GOAT** Sept. 4-Sept. 14, 5 days
SHRIMP** Sept. 6-Sept. 23, 22 days
Small game: Res. \$2.50, moose, \$50
HARE No closed season or limit
RABBIT Oct. 1-Jan. 30, 4 months, 4
SQUIRREL No closed season or limit
WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit

ILLINOIS: Springfield

Big game: *Res. \$2, moose, not issued*
DEER** Oct. 31-Nov. 2, 3 days
Small game: Res. \$2, moose, \$15
RABBIT Nov. 22-Jan. 20, 46 days, 5
SQUIRREL Aug. 1-Oct. 31, 42 days, 5
QUAIL Nov. 15-Dec. 10, 40 days, 9
PRESANT Nov. 11-Nov. 30, 20 days, 2

INDIANA: Indianapolis

Big game: *Res. \$5, moose, not issued*
DEER** Nov. 1-Dec. 8, 6 days
Small game: Res. \$2.50, moose, \$16
RABBIT Nov. 10-Jan. 16, 60 days, 5
SQUIRREL Aug. 15-Oct. 13, 40 days, 5
WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
QUAIL Nov. 10-Dec. 20, 40 days, 9
PRESANT Nov. 10-Nov. 22, 13 days, 1
HUNGARIAN Nov. 10-Dec. 20, 40 days, 5

IDAHO: See Boise

Big game: *Res. \$4, moose, not issued*
DEER Sept. 1-March 1, 3 days
Small game: Res. \$2, moose, not issued
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 145 days, 10
SQUIRREL Sept. 1-March 1, 63 days, 4
WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
QUAIL Sept. 1-March 1, 45 days, 6
PRESANT Sept. 1-March 1, 30 days, 3
HUNGARIAN Sept. 1-March 1, 10 days, 3

KANSAS: Pratt

No big-game hunting permitted
Small game: Res. \$2, moose, not issued
RABBIT** Dec. 15-Oct. 13, 10 months, various
SQUIRREL** Sept. 1-Dec. 31, 4 months, 8
QUAIL** Nov. 15-Dec. 14, 19 days, 8

KENTUCKY: Frankfort

Big game: *Res. \$3.50, moose, \$25.50*
DEER** Nov. 1-Nov. 30, 2 days
Big-game license good for small game
RABBIT Nov. 20-Jan. 18, 60 days, 8
SQUIRREL Aug. 15-Dec. 17, 60 days, 8
WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
GRONK Nov. 20-Jan. 18, 60 days, 2
QUAIL Nov. 20-Jan. 18, 60 days, 10

continued

1955 HUNTING SEASONS continued

LOUISIANA: New Orleans

Rig game: Res. \$1, scores, variegated
 DEER Nov. 13-Jan. 10, 30 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 RABBIT Oct. 1-Feb. 15, 40 days, 8
 SQUIRREL Oct. 1-Jan. 19, 60 days, 8
 QUAIL Nov. 27-Feb. 15, 30 days, 8
 TURKEY April 1-April 10, 16 days, 1

MAINE: Augusta

Rig game: Res. \$1.75, scores, \$25.55
 BEAR No closed season
 DEER Oct. 1-Nov. 30, 31 days
 Small game: Res. \$2.75, scores, \$10.55
 HARE Oct. 1-March 31, 6 months, 4
 RABBIT Oct. 1-March 31, 6 months, 4
 SQUIRREL Oct. 1-Nov. 16, 47 days, 4
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Oct. 1-Nov. 15, 46 days, 4
 PHEASANT Oct. 1-Nov. 16, 46 days, 2

MARYLAND: Baltimore

Rig game: Res. \$5.25, scores, \$20
 DEER Dec. 1-Dec. 6 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 RABBIT Nov. 15-Jan. 5, 51 days, 4
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Nov. 15-Jan. 5, 51 days, 5
 QUAIL Nov. 15-Jan. 5, 51 days, 6
 PHEASANT Nov. 15-Jan. 5, 51 days, 2
 TURKEY Oct. 5-Oct. 31, 26 days, 1

MASSACHUSETTS: Boston

Rig game: Res. \$1.25, scores, \$15.55
 BEAR Oct. 29-Dec. 31, 72 days
 DEER Nov. 21-Dec. 6, 4 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 HARE Oct. 29-Feb. 5, 109 days, 2
 RABBIT Oct. 29-Feb. 5, 109 days, 5
 GROUSE Oct. 29-Nov. 20, 32 days, 2
 QUAIL Oct. 29-Nov. 29, 41 days, 2
 PHEASANT Oct. 29-Nov. 29, 32 days, 2

MICHIGAN: Lansing

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$35
 DEER Oct. 1-Dec. 15, 45 days
 BEAR Sept. 1-Nov. 30, 14 days
 Small game: Res. \$5, scores, \$30
 RABBIT Oct. 1-March 1, 5 months
 GROUSE Oct. 1-Nov. 19, 40 days, varies
 PHEASANT Oct. 1-Nov. 19, 40 days, 2

MINNESOTA: St. Paul

Rig game: Res. \$5.55, scores, \$50.25
 DEER Nov. 8-Nov. 16, 9 days
 Small game: Res. \$5, scores, \$30
 HARE Oct. 4-March 1, 148 days, 10
 RABBIT Oct. 4-March 1, 148 days, 10
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Sept. 20-Nov. 16, 30 days, varies
 QUAIL Oct. 18-Nov. 2, 16 days, 5
 PHEASANT Oct. 18-Nov. 16, 30 days, 3
 HUNGARIAN Oct. 18-Nov. 16, 30 days, 3

MISSISSIPPI: Jackson

Rig game: Res. \$5.25, scores, \$25.75
 DEER Nov. 1-Jan. 10, 10 days
 Small game: Res. \$5.25, scores, \$15.25
 RABBIT Oct. 1-Feb. 10, 4 months, 5
 QUAIL Dec. 10-Feb. 10, 2 months, 8
 TURKEY April 1-April 19, 7 days, 1

MISSOURI: Jefferson City

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$20
 DEER Nov. 17-Nov. 22, 6 days
 Small game: Res. \$5, scores, \$30
 RABBIT May 30-Feb. 23, 2 months, 10
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 QUAIL Nov. 19-Dec. 31, 52 days, 5
 PHEASANT Nov. 19-Dec. 31, 16 days, 1

MONTANA: Helena

Rig game: Res. \$1, scores, \$100
 ANTELOPE Sept. 7-Nov. 23, 30 days
 BEAR Sept. 7-Nov. 23, 30 days
 DEER Sept. 15-Nov. 23, 30 days
 Elk Sept. 15-Feb. 23, 30 days
 Moose** Sept. 7-Jan. 31, 45 days
 MOUNTAIN COAT** Sept. 15-Nov. 30, 45 days
 SHEEP** Sept. 15-Nov. 30, 45 days
 Small game: Res. \$4, scores, \$35
 GROUSE** Sept. 15-Sept. 23, 3 days, 3
 PHEASANT** Oct. 27-Nov. 16, 22 days, 3
 HUNGARIAN** Oct. 27-Nov. 16, 22 days, 5

NEBRASKA: Lincoln

Rig game: Res. \$20, scores, not stated
 DEER Nov. 1-Nov. 5, 5 days
 Small game: Res. \$2.50, scores, \$15
 RABBIT No closed season, 5
 GROUSE** Oct. 4-Oct. 12, 9 days, 2
 QUAIL Nov. 1-Nov. 30, 15 days, 6
 PHEASANT** Oct. 25-Nov. 23, 30 days, 3

NEVADA: Reno

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$25
 ANTELOPE** Aug. 24-Sept. 7, 14 days
 DEER** Sept. 7-Nov. 30, 35 days
 Elk** Oct. 12-Dec. 7, 25 days
 SHEEP** Nov. 29-Dec. 22, 24 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 RABBIT Sept. 28-Jan. 31, 4 months, 3
 GROUSE Sept. 14-Sept. 30, 3 days, varies
 QUAIL Sept. 28-Nov. 30, 50 days, 10

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Concord

Rig game: Res. \$2.50, scores, \$15.25
 BEAR No closed season
 DEER Oct. 22-Dec. 21, 21 days
 WILD BOAR No closed season
Rig-game license good for small game
 HARE Oct. 1-March 1, 132 days, 3
 RABBIT Oct. 1-March 1, 132 days, 3
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Oct. 1-Dec. 1, 42 days, 4
 PHEASANT Oct. 1-Nov. 1, 32 days, 2

NEW JERSEY: Trenton

Rig game: Res. \$1.5, scores, \$15.10
 DEER Oct. 11-Dec. 29, 6 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 HARE Nov. 8-Dec. 31, 40 days, 1
 RABBIT Nov. 8-Dec. 31, 40 days, 4
 WOODCHUCK** April 1-Oct. 16, 164 days, none
 GROUSE Nov. 8-Jan. 15, 33 days, 3
 QUAIL Nov. 8-Jan. 15, 33 days, 7
 PHEASANT Nov. 8-Dec. 6, 28 days, 2

NEW MEXICO: Santa Fe

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$50.75
 ANTELOPE** Sept. 13-Oct. 15, 4 days
 BEAR Sept. 1-Nov. 30, 3 months
 DEER Oct. 1-Dec. 14, 11 days
 Elk** Oct. 4-Nov. 23, 8 days
 SHEEP** Feb. 21-March 1, 9 days
 Small game: Res. \$1, scores, \$15.25
 HARE No closed season or limit
 RABBIT No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Sept. 20-Sept. 22, 3 days, 311
 QUAIL Nov. 1-Dec. 15, 6 weeks, 10
 PHEASANT** Nov. 1-Nov. 7, 7 days, 2
 TURKEY** Oct. 15-Nov. 16, 15 days, 1

NEW YORK: Albany

Rig game: Res. \$2.25, scores, \$20.75
 BEAR** Oct. 25-Dec. 31, 35 days
 DEER** Oct. 25-Dec. 31, 35 days
 Small game: Res. \$2.25, scores, \$10.75
 HARE Dec. 3-Feb. 23, 77 days, varies
 RABBIT Oct. 16-Feb. 23, 128 days, varies
 QUAIL Oct. 16-Dec. 14, 60 days, varies
 GROUSE Nov. 1-Dec. 31, 15 days, varies
 PHEASANT Oct. 16-Dec. 31, 24 days, varies
 HUNGARIAN Oct. 16-Nov. 5, 24 days, 3

NORTH CAROLINA: Raleigh

Rig game: Res. \$1.50, scores, \$15.75
 BEAR Oct. 15-Jan. 2, 69 days
 DEER Oct. 15-Jan. 2, 69 days
 WILD BOAR Oct. 15-Jan. 2, 69 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 RABBIT Nov. 27-Feb. 14, 60 days, 5
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Oct. 15-Feb. 14, 108 days, 8
 QUAIL Nov. 27-Feb. 14, 69 days, 8
 PHEASANT Nov. 27-Feb. 14, 69 days, none
 TURKEY Nov. 27-Feb. 14, 69 days, 1

NORTH DAKOTA: Bismarck

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$50
 ANTELOPE** Sept. 10-Sept. 23, 45 days
 DEER** Oct. 1-Nov. 11, 45 days
 Small game: Res. \$2, scores, \$25
 HARE No closed season or limit
 RABBIT No closed season or limit
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE** Oct. 1-Nov. 2, 33 days, 3
 PHEASANT** Oct. 1-Nov. 2, 33 days, 4
 HUNGARIAN** Oct. 1-Nov. 2, 33 days, 6

OHIO: Columbus

Rig game: Res. \$2.75, scores, \$15.55
 DEER** Oct. 1-Dec. 31, 4 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 RABBIT Nov. 15-Jan. 3, 50 days, 4
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Oct. 15-Feb. 27, 136 days, 3
 PHEASANT Nov. 15-Dec. 6, 22 days, 2
 HUNGARIAN Nov. 15-Dec. 6, 22 days, 2

OKLAHOMA: Oklahoma City

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$15 minimum
 DEER Nov. 15-Nov. 30, 16 days
 Small game: Res. \$2, scores, variegated
 HARE No closed season or limit
 RABBIT No closed season or limit
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 QUAIL Nov. 20-Jan. 1, 10 days, 10

OREGON: Portland

Rig game: Res. \$1, scores, \$25
 ANTELOPE** Aug. 28-Aug. 27, 5 days
 DEER** Aug. 30-Nov. 30, 22 days
 Elk Oct. 4-Dec. 31, 26 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 GROUSE Aug. 30-Oct. 19, 22 days, varies
 QUAIL Oct. 11-Nov. 16, 36 days, 10
 PHEASANT Oct. 11-Nov. 16, 36 days, 4

PENNSYLVANIA: Harrisburg

Rig game: Res. \$2.10, scores, \$20
 BEAR Nov. 24-Nov. 29, 6 days
 DEER Dec. 1-Dec. 17, 12 days
Rig-game license good for small game
 HARE Dec. 27-Jan. 3, 6 days, 2
 RABBIT Oct. 25-Jan. 3, 30 days, 4
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Oct. 25-Nov. 29, 30 days, 2
 QUAIL Oct. 25-Nov. 29, 30 days, 2
 PHEASANT Oct. 25-Nov. 29, 30 days, 2
 TURKEY Oct. 25-Nov. 29, 30 days, 1

RHODE ISLAND: Providence

Rig game: Res. \$5, scores, \$30
 DEER Oct. 18-Jan. 23, 14 days, bow only
 Small game: Res. \$1.25, scores, \$10.25
 HARE Nov. 1-Dec. 31, 61 days, 2
 RABBIT Nov. 1-Feb. 15, 61 days, 5
 WOODCHUCK No closed season or limit
 GROUSE Nov. 1-Dec. 31, 61 days, 2
 QUAIL Nov. 1-Dec. 31, 61 days, 2
 PHEASANT Nov. 1-Dec. 31, 61 days, 2

SOUTH CAROLINA: Columbia

Rig game: Res. \$1.25, scores, \$20.25
 BEAR No closed season

continued

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The modern advantages of the Jet Age . . . now in these superbly styled slacks made with "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber. In fall slacks, "Orlon" adds a new rich texture and touch, lighter-weight comfort. "Orlon" also adds crease and shape retention, wrinkle recovery, longer wear . . . plus ease of care. Look for slacks made with "Orlon" — in many handsome fall colors and styles.

ASHER COMPANY tailors these automatic wash 'n' wear slacks of fine worsted flannel made of 70% "Orlon" and 30% wool. They can be machine-washed, machine-dried, worn with little, if any, pressing. About \$12.95 in men's sizes and \$10.95 in prep sizes—at fine stores.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY



1988 HUNTING SEASONS *continued*

DEER Aug. 15-Jan. 1, 4½ months

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

SOUTH DAKOTA: Pierre

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

Small game license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

TENNESSEE: Nashville

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

TEXAS: Austin

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

UTAH: Salt Lake City

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

VERMONT: Montpelier

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

VIRGINIA: Richmond

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

WASHINGTON: Seattle

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

GOOSE Sept. 13-Nov. 5, 8 days, varies
QUAIL Oct. 12-Dec. 17, 15 days, 5
CHICKEN Oct. 12-Dec. 17, 15 days, 5
PHEASANT Oct. 12-Nov. 30, 50 days, 3

WEST VIRGINIA: Charleston

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

WISCONSIN: Madison

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

WYOMING: Cheyenne

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

CANADA

ALBERTA: Edmonton

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Vancouver

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

MANITOBA: Winnipeg

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

NEW BRUNSWICK: Fredericton

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

GOOSE Sept. 13-Nov. 5, 8 days, varies
QUAIL Oct. 12-Dec. 17, 15 days, 5
CHICKEN Oct. 12-Dec. 17, 15 days, 5
PHEASANT Oct. 12-Nov. 30, 50 days, 3

NEWFOUNDLAND: St. John's

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES: Ottawa

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

NOVA SCOTIA: Halifax

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

ONTARIO: Toronto

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

PRINCE EDWARD: Charlottetown

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

QUEBEC: Quebec City

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

SASKATCHEWAN: Regina

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2

YUKON: Whitehorse

Bip-guns license good for small game
RABBIT Sept. 1-March 1, 5 months, none
QUAIL Nov. 27-March 1, 3 months, none
TURKEY Nov. 26-April 15, 2 months, 2



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A double revelation

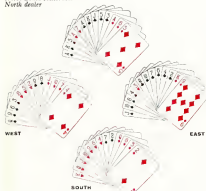
IN the Summer National Tournament of the American Bridge Contract League, reported here last week, the semifinal match, in which the victorious Fishbein team eliminated the strong combination led by Alvin Roth, might be said to have turned on a penalty double of a grand slam bid by Roth and his partner, Tobias Stone. That double was made with a single purpose—to call for the only opening lead that would defeat the contract.

By contrast, doubling a voluntary slam bid merely because you hope your high cards will beat the slam is like saying to the opponents: "I don't believe you could make your bid even if I let you look into my hand."

Take, for example, the following hand. Because East's double revealed his holding, the reader is offered a somewhat unorthodox proposition. Assuming you had the run of the farm and could peer unhindered at all the adverse cards, would you play for a grand slam in hearts?

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH



WEST

EAST

SOUTH

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
3♠	PASS	2♥	PASS
3 NT	PASS	4♥	PASS
1♥	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: club ♣

North decided to open the auction with a forcing bid of two clubs, though his hand contained more losers than we normally identify with a two demand bid. However, possession of all the first-round controls provides a hand with much more backbone—likewise the player who holds it. South was preparing for big things but was content to temporize with a response of two hearts. North's leap to three no trump will not be endorsed by the purists, particularly since North had already announced a superpowerhouse with his very first bid.

Convinced that precise scientific investigation would not reveal the exact trick-taking potentialities of the hand, South decided to jump straightway to six hearts.

North, under the influence of autohypnosis, and quite unmindful that he had already opened with two clubs and jumped to three no trump, went gaily on to seven.

East, knowing that the club suit could not be established and expecting to win a trick with the king of diamonds, decided to double. This gesture proved of material assistance to declarer, for it marked beyond doubt the location of the missing king in diamonds.

West opened the ♠ of clubs, which was taken by the king in dummy, South discarding a diamond. Declarer played three rounds of trumps, throwing a diamond from dummy. A spade to North's king was followed by ace and another club, verifying the fact that the suit would not break. South ruffed and played two more trumps, discarding a diamond and a spade from dummy.

At this point the holdings were:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
♠ A	♠ —	♠ 7	Immaterial
♥ —	♥ —	♥ 6	
♦ A	♦ K 9	♦ Q 8	
♣ J 5	♣ Q 10	♣ —	

When South leads to dummy's ace of spades, East finds it impossible to discard. If he throws a club, South ruffs a club and establishes the jack. If he throws a diamond, declarer cashes the diamond ace in dummy, ruffs himself in with a club lead and produces the queen of diamonds for trick 13.

EXTRA TRICK

Against a slam bid, a double by the player not on lead is a convention. It calls for an unusual lead, most often the suit first bid by the dummy. So used, it helps the doubler's partner. Otherwise it is more likely to furnish aid and comfort to the enemy.

California awaits the Amateur

On September 8, the nation's leading amateur golfers gather at San Francisco's Olympic Club to compete for one of golf's most coveted titles: the U.S. Amateur championship

CALIFORNIANS, looking forward to the U.S. Amateur golf tournament next week in San Francisco, must occasionally look back nostalgically to those wondrous, smogless days when, in almost every sport, the West was producing not just winners but legendary figures. Indeed, one must really look back. For the past 20 years hardly compare to the period from 1928 to 1938 when Californians dominated almost every sport. It was a golden decade—a wonderful time to live through, and it is a wonderful time to look back upon.

The University of Southern California's football teams under Howard Jones and track teams under Dean Cromwell were winning everything. San Francisco's Joe DiMaggio was hitting .398 in the Pacific Coast League, and he and brother Dom were heading for the majors. Another Italian lad, Angelo (Hank) Luinetti, who went from San Francisco's North Beach Italian district to Stanford, was being called the greatest basketball player of all time. Also at Stanford, a skinny, shuffling, bespectacled

sophomore named Ben Eastman in 1932 broke Ted Meredith's 16-year-old 440; he broke it so decisively, in fact, that the puzzled clockers thought they had made a mistake. Pasadena's Charlie Paddock, finishing off his fabulous career, was now running second man on the Los Angeles Athletic Club sprint team, anchored by the new Paddock, a curly-haired youngster named Frank Wyckoff, who made the Olympic team while still at Glendale High School. And over at Pasadena High there was a bony lad named Ellsworth Vines who was to later win two national tennis titles.

It was inevitable that California's golden decade should produce a legendary golfer. His name was W. Lawson Little Jr., the son of an Army doctor. The bull-shouldered lad learned golf the hard way on the hilly, fog-blown slopes of San Francisco's Presidio golf course, where a level lie is a novelty and biting winds a certainty. In 1929, at the age of 19, Lawson entered the U.S. Amateur at the famed Pebble Beach course, the first U.S.

Amateur to be held in California. An awesome hitter but a wretched iron player, he barely qualified with a 155. While Little was winning his first morning's match, Johnny Goodman, a few holes back, was fashioning one of golf's historic upsets, his victory over Bobby Jones. Accounts of the Jones-Goodman match filled the newspapers. Very little was written about young Lawson's victory over Johnny Goodman that same afternoon. But for the stocky Californian this was the beginning of an illustrious, almost unique career. It was also the beginning of a lifelong friendship with Goodman, who in 1936 was best man at Little's wedding.

Those who saw Little's defeat of Goodman and his 36-hole match with Francis Ouimet the next day (which he lost) saw a promising golfer. However, for the next few years it seemed he would be no more than that. He was beaten early in the 1930 and 1932 Amateurs. He failed to qualify at all in 1931. After going to the semifinals at Kenwood in Cincinnati in 1933, he decided, at his father's urging, to stop off in Chicago on his way home and see Tommy Armour. Little realized that his iron game was inadequate for championship play. His drives were incredibly long, and he played a bold game, but he underclubbed unnecessarily and hit far off his right foot. He had, as they say, a drive and a wedge mentality.

Last week Little recalled Armour's advice, as he stood in the trophy-lined study of his Spanish home off the first fairway at Pebble Beach. He spread his feet awkwardly wide. "This is the way I stood to the ball. It worked all right with woods. On my irons Armour told me to get my feet together and explained what my hands were for." Little brought his feet close together, opened his stance slightly and brought his hands up in a simulated swing, his small mouth set in that strange, offside smile. Or was it a smile? His opponents were

exasperated

THE NO. 1 LADY AMATEUR

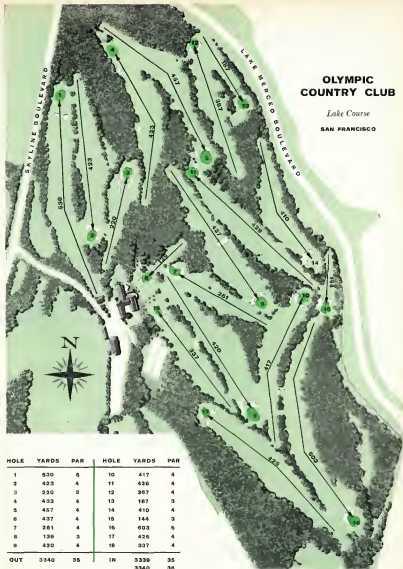


The pretty girl with the hesitant smile is golf's newest heroine, Anne Quast, the Stanford toad who last week won the 58th U.S. Women's Amateur title at the Wee Burn Country Club in Darien, Conn. (see page 18). Next week, in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* continuing coverage of the exciting golf season, Herbert Warren Wind will review the major events of the ladies' summer season and present a detailed account of Miss Quast's rally to win. He will also take a look back at the Curtis Cup matches, played at Newton, Mass. in August, and at the heroine of the British team, Frances Smith.

OLYMPIC COUNTRY CLUB

Lake Course

SAN FRANCISCO



never sure. He continued: "Armour taught me the finesse shots—a three-quarter iron, wedges. He also taught me how to think a round of golf."

Lawson Little went back to Stanford University and set about re-making his game. Within six months he was no longer just a power hitter. He had become a golfer. He won the British Amateur at Prestwick in 1934, and British sportswriters called him "the greatest match player who ever lived." He earned this praise after the final round of a match with an unfortunate Scot named James Wallace. On the morning round, Little had an unbelievable 66, leaving him 12 up at lunch. In the five holes that afternoon, he had three birdies and two pars. Unable to win a single hole, Wallace lost by a record (it still stands) 14 and 13.

Little went on to win the U.S. Amateur the same year, repeated both triumphs in 1935, the last golfer to accomplish this improbable feat. During this stretch he won 32 consecutive matches. No wonder British and American writers, at this point, were proclaiming Little a better match player than Bobby Jones. Some, in their enthusiasm, wondered if he might not be the equal of Jones in any kind of play. Little promptly answered this riddle: he turned professional. Though he went on to win the U.S. Open in 1940—certainly a creditable feat—and played extremely well, his record does not approach that of the incomparable Bobby Jones.

Little's dramatic victories in the British Amateur—the high points of California's glorious athletic decade—were tonic to the West. It was fine to win at track and football—even tennis. But it was even more satisfying to win at a game which had been dominated by Great Britain and the eastern seaboard.

Enough reminiscing . . . it's 30 years later, and the U.S. Amateur is to be played next week. The site of the tournament is the demanding Lake Course of San Francisco's Olympic Club, built on the sloping east side of the high headlands between the Pacific Ocean and Lake Merced. Directly to the east across the lake is Harding Park, where young Ken Venturi learned his golf and where his father, Fred, runs the pro shop. Beyond this fine municipal course are rows and rows of gleaming

white houses—peculiarly San Franciscan—stretching almost to the top of Mt. Davidson.

Although the Lake Course is near enough to the ocean to be fogbound and dampish most of the year, it has none of the characteristics of a seaside links. As a matter of fact, on only one hole, the first, does one see the ocean at all, though her fresh and erratic breezes are ever-present and, distressingly, seem always to be blowing toward the tee.

From the par-5 first, the fairways terrace steeply down between Monte-



LAWSON LITTLE, the great match player, won the Amateur title in 1934 and 1935.

rey cypresses to the murky lake and, except for a brief climb back to the clubhouse on No. 8, the course winds back and forth across the lowlands.

The Lake Course measures 6,679 yards. The players will learn rather quickly—probably after the drive on No. 2—that this is *true* yardage. The ubiquitous fog sees to that. It fills the air with distance-destroying dampness and soaks into Olympic's lush fairways, virtually eliminating roll—12 yards would be the maximum roll on an average drive. To illustrate, let's take No. 11. In a sense this level, nearly straight par 4 typifies the frightening honesty of the Lake Course. It measures 429 yards. Relating it to one's home club, this might mean a drive and a short iron. In point of fact the 11th requires an accurately positioned, well-hit drive, followed by a two-iron or three-wood to a two-level green guarded by deep traps. That

this is a strong par 4 can be attested by the scores in the Open: in four rounds the best players in the U.S. took 185 bogies and only 189 pars on this deceptively normal-looking golf hole.

There are other par 4s as exacting as the 11th, or more so. The 457-yard 5th is a sharp dogleg to the right from an elevated tee. One must shade the right just a trifle to avoid an over-long second, but not enough to catch a huge eucalyptus which guards the corner. Additionally, as Sam Snead found out on three occasions in the



JACK FLOCK (left) upset Ben Hogan at Olympic, site of this year's tournament.

Open, a tee shot hit too lustily, and with not sufficient fade, will run to the deep rough, making a second shot to the green extremely difficult.

To quote the melancholy statistics of the Open again, there were 194 bogies and only 168 pars on the fifth.

The 17th, normally a par 5, has, as in the Open, been made a 4. But in deference to the amateurs the length is 425 rather than the unfair 461. Still, it is uphill all the way into a persistent wind, making a birdie nearly impossible and a par difficult.

But don't get discouraged. There is an easy par-4 hole on the Lake Course; the 282-yard 7th. However, the fairway is tight, and a scrubby impertinent pine, about 180 yards out on the right fairway, stands ready to catch errant, drifting drives. And the small, two-level, well-trapped green calls for exacting pitches.

There are few par 5s left in the U.S. that long hitters can't reach in

two strokes. One of them is the double dogleg 16th on the Lake Course. It is a third of a mile long—603 yards. The average amateur, after hitting two stiff woods, must then play a full four-iron to a tightly trapped green.

THE DRAMATIC 18TH

The Lake Course finishes, dramatically, with a short 337-yard par 4 which is shaped somewhat like a gravy ladle. One drives blind to the bottom of the narrow fairway, then pitches sharply back up to a steep, plateaued

rough week. For with the exception of a more favorable cutting of the rough (the main rough will lie outside a 60-inch width of two-inch-high grass) the course is much the same.

The tournament itself will decide whether Olympic is too much golf course for a U.S. Amateur, but the brief detailing of a recent round on the Lake Course by the man who should be this year's favorite might be revealing. Last Monday, Harvie Ward, the 1955-56 National Amateur champion (he sat out 1957 under USGA suspension) played the Lake

hole. On the 603-yard 16th, Ward first drove with his spoon, then hit a practice second with his driver. It went 40 yards past the spoon shot but hooked into the left rough leaving no alternative but a recovery shot back onto the fairway. However, his second spoon left him a four-iron to the green. For the day, Ward, playing in a stretch corset to protect a pulled muscle, had five birdies, two bogies and a double bogey for a fine 69. The Lake Course can be played. But it takes a disciplined game and a good deal of thought.



HILLMAN ROBBINS, defending champion, poses with runner-up, Dr. Frank Taylor.



HARVIE WARD, champion in 1955-1956, is generally considered the man to beat.



PHIL RODGERS, chunky, talented intercollegiate champ, is a strong contender.

green. Surrounding the green are abrupt cliffs which form a convenient amphitheater for spectators. Ten thousand of them during the 1955 Open sat in on the most compelling drama in California's golfing history. They saw Ben Hogan come in to this green a certain winner and cheered the tired champion for five minutes. They heard about a man named Jack Fleck, who was still out on the course. And, an hour later, they watched in amazement as Fleck calmly tapped in a seven-foot putt for a birdie 3 and a 67 round which tied him with Hogan. Still unbelieving, they returned the next day and sitting on the same bank, saw Fleck defeat Hogan in the playoff.

The Lake Course has its lore. Hogan and Fleck and the 1955 Open saw to that. It also has its detractors who contend that the doctoring-up of the course for the Open was too drastic; if so, the amateurs face a

Course from the back tees under near-tournament conditions. After paring No. 1, the handsome, likable North Carolinian stood on the second tee and looked out to the 423-yard 2nd. "This is a long course, all right," said Harvie, "but you know, I think position is more important than distance from the tee. I'm going to play this entire round with a spoon to prove it. Maybe I'll have to use a longer club on my second shots but, if it's only the difference between a three- or four-iron, or a two-iron or a wood, I'll be better off." Ward dropped a ball on the ground, took his spoon and drove it 240 yards to the middle of the dangerously sloping fairway. He was home with a four-iron and down in two. On No. 5, the most difficult par 4, his spoon shot, slightly faded, stopped in the middle of the fairway perfectly positioned for a long iron to the green. So it went hole after

San Francisco's famous fog, which makes it the coldest city in America during the summer months, lifts—or so the natives like to say—as soon as the kids go back to school. By September 8, the opening day of the Amateur, the skies should be clear, the temperature in the low 70s—perfect golf weather. The superbly conditioned Lake Course, though demanding, will be a joy to play or to walk around. The man to beat, it appears, is the two-time champion, Harvie Ward. But two other Californians have a chance: Pomona's Dr. Frank Taylor, who went to the finals last year, and La Jolla's Phil Rodgers, the intercollegiate champion from the University of Houston.

Lawson Little, looking much the same as he did in 1933, will come up from Pebble Beach to watch the play and to remind one and all that California produced "the greatest match player who ever lived."

END



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Tip from the Top

WALLY GRANT, Mt. Lebanon Golf Club, Pittsburgh

The short pitch

Pitch shots from 10 to 50 yards out are easier to execute if you play the ball center left instead of off the right foot. Most beginners, when attempting to play this shot from the right foot, will invariably keep their weight back on the right side throughout the stroke, flapping their hands up at the ball instead of hitting through the ball.

I tell beginners to lean laterally against the left foot when they address a pitch shot. Then they will be in a hitting position right from the start. They should stay in that position, rather than attempt to move their weight to the right and then back to the left leg during the swing for, as we all realize, very little body action is used on a pitch shot.

The main thing to work for on the pitch is keeping the club face square as long as you can as you whip it through the ball. I find it helps many of my pupils if they alter their grip a little so that the V of the left-hand grip points to the chin rather than to the right shoulder, as is orthodox on the full swing. In any event, when you are practicing your short pitches, work on swinging the club face straight through the ball for at least seven or eight inches past impact. That's the action you want.



NEXT WEEK: Tommy Bolt on technique for the middle irons

New guard at the spa

Economically, Saratoga had a bad year, but it was an artistic success for the faithful

RACING at Saratoga this summer has been as good as ever despite the fact that two of the nation's leading horses and top attractions as well—Bold Ruler and Gallant Man—were only on the grounds to be seen and not raced.

Bold Ruler made a farewell parade under silks two weeks ago before being shipped to Claiborne Farm in Kentucky to start his new career in stud, while Gallant Man used the month to freshen up for what could be a climactic pair of meetings with Kerr Stable's doggedly determined Round Table in Atlantic City's United Nations Handicap (Sept. 13) and Belmont's Woodward Stakes (Sept. 27).

But the big moment at Saratoga came last Saturday when the saphires of New York's juveniles came out, as they almost always do, for Saratoga's ancient and storied Hopeful. In the small field of five maturing colts we got a look at two standouts, Christopher T. Chenery's First Landing and E. Leigh Cotton's First Minister. Their six-and-a-half-furlong meeting was a contest for little more than half a mile before First Landing—by Turn-to out of Hildene—drew off to his seventh straight victory with almost unbelievable superiority over colts of no uncommon ability.

His smashing success (attained in 1:17 $\frac{3}{4}$) had many a Saratoga old-timer comparing him to some fine youngsters that previous Hopefuls have produced: Needle Dancer, Middleground, Needles and Nashua, to name just a few.

Not only did Chenery, who raced Hill Prince just a few years back, take the top 2-year-old colt race, but he also won The Spinaway, the meeting's top 2-year-old filly race as well

with Rich Tradition. Only seven owners have ever won both these historic races for the top male and female juveniles, and neither race is exactly a puppy on the racing calendar. This was the 67th Spinaway; the 54th Hopeful.

While the 2-year-old season does not end with the Hopeful and The Spinaway, the feeling here is that if there is anything capable of beating First Landing it had better show itself soon. But it must always be remembered that there are three hard and lucrative months of racing ahead, and other young colts, the likes of Restless Wind, Tomy Lee, Watch Your Step, Landing, Pilot, Intentionally, Atoll, Mr. Vale, Dunce, Demobilize, Finnegan, Sword Lancer and Crafty Skipper, might be worth keeping an eye on.

The thing about Saratoga that seems to separate it from other cities whose principal trade comes from racing is that while it openly pursues the tourist dollar it isn't opposed to giving the spender a fair return on investment made.

This year, those who judge racing solely on the spin of the turnstiles and the jingle of the mutual machines had a wonderful time mocking Saratoga. But they didn't take into consideration layoffs and other pangs of recession at the General Electric plant and American Locomotive in nearby Schenectady made it hard for many to stretch the amusement dollar the 30-odd miles to the race track. Attendance was down about 9% and mutual handle off 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ %. But this year at most U.S. tracks the figures have been declining.

Saratoga, even though its old hotels like the Grand Union and The United States have been replaced with such modern conveniences as supermarkets and parking lots, still is able to maintain much of its Old World charm. Granted, the nightclubs and gambling halls of the past are now only nostalgic memories



RACING NEOPHYTE Anita Bonanno enjoyed being close to the paddock action.

for summer visitors. But the elm-hooded streets still summon people back year after year to the easygoing company of the landlady on Caroline Street, the unhurried conversations of the bartenders at the Colonial Tavern or the sprawling brickwork of the Gideon Putnam Hotel.

It is at Saratoga where the common denominator is a love or fascination for racing and where this traditionally respected bond brings people happily together. All kinds of people, Anita Bonanno (*above*) for instance, a 19-year-old secretary from Binghamton, N.Y., who saw her first horse race in 1954. Miss Bonanno manages to go racing downstate for about eight weekends a year, but she reserves her special affections for Saratoga. "I bet three or four races a day," says Anita, "either \$2 or \$5. I'm about \$50 ahead at Saratoga. I do my own handicapping and like to go for a horse about 4 to 1. I study up on the past performances all I can, and the first thing I look for is class. I don't know enough about breeding to recognize class, but what I mean is that I try to find the allowance horse who is dropping down in class to the claiming races. Like most women, I'll play a hunch bet on a horse just because I think he looks pretty. If it comes to deciding

continued

between an unknown owner and trainer and one of the famous stables, I'd probably go for the unknown because I always like an underdog.

"You know, everyone at Saratoga, not only just the clubhouse people, can walk around in the paddock and be close to the horses and trainers and jockeys. I don't understand a lot of the things I see, but I love to be close to what's going on. As far as I'm concerned, Belmont is set up for the clubhouse people. Saratoga is for everyone."

John Karboski is another regular at Saratoga. Befitting his position as a 56-year-old statistician for a Wall Street brokerage house, Karboski is a man of routine habit. Aside from the necessary habit of commuting daily for 50 weeks a year from his Greenwich Village hotel to his office, he has developed another habit for Saturdays and holidays. Karboski boards the first race train out of Pennsylvania Station and goes to whichever of the local tracks is operating near Manhattan. For two weeks in August he takes his vacation at Saratoga, pays \$25 a week for a room, eats out catch-as-catch-can, takes one glassful of spring water from a well at the head of the home-stretch and then settles down to spend seven hours a day, six days a week at the race track.

"One of the main reasons I like Saratoga," says Karboski, "is the wonderful air and the chance to walk. In New York five days a week I never get to walk. There's no way to be outside and get a breath of fresh air in the bargain. Up here I walk three miles a day."

Until this year Karboski hadn't bothered to keep track of his racing finances, but estimates that maybe once since 1942 had he managed to finish the season as much as \$100 ahead. "This season I'm keeping records: I'm about \$40 behind for the Saratoga meeting and \$175 for the whole season. But as a cold proposition on finances I know I'd be out a lot more than that—and without having had the fun—if I had spent the same amount of time going around to bars and nightclubs." Although he has a clubhouse pass for Saratoga, Karboski prefers to sit in the grandstand, where he can see better. "I always get to the track three hours before the first race," says he. "There are only 800 unreserved seats, so I



OLD LOYALIST James Wagner found that track helped preserve his young dreams.

get there early and lay claim to one of the best ones. Then I sit down and read *The New York Times*, and when I get through with the *Times* I start in doping the races. I do my own figuring, too. When I get through my figuring I rent a pair of field glasses for \$1, maybe grab a sandwich, and before you know it the first race is on. I'm strictly a \$2 bettor, straight only—no big plunger me. Ninety percent of the time I try to beat the favorite; I'll play a horse from 3 to 1 up as high as 30 to 1—but I won't bet every race, either. I'm not in this to make money—I do it strictly as a sport."

GONNA BET UNTIL HE DIES

Jim Wagner, at 77 and with failing eyesight, remains the typical example of the sharp, smooth-talking regular who is full of advice for everyone. Jim is unemployed, a sometime friend of most oldtimers, a giver of somewhat dubious advice and a self-appointed authority on all racing matters. By his own count he has never missed a day of racing in New York or any other city when he's been near an operating track. "I haven't missed a day in New York this year," he brags, "and I don't intend to until I die." Nobody can quite recall ever seeing Jim Wagner pay his own admission, and yet there he is every afternoon in the middle of the clubhouse giving advice to



MIDDLE-AGED DEVOTE John Karboski loved his daily three-mile sunlit strolls.

those who will listen and insisting that his own meager \$2, \$6, \$10 bets enable him to make expenses and pay rent money for his hotel. "I admit I'm behind \$200 at this meeting," he told me somewhat sheepishly the other day, "but I'd have been ahead if it hadn't been that I got beat a nose for a \$320 double last week."

Jim believes that racing somehow prolongs the human life. "Racing occupies the mind, makes you sleep better and keeps you going longer. Sitting at home in a rocking chair you die at 45. Here, where I've been coming for over 60 years, it's an old person's paradise. You can watch the old ladies any day. They come and sit under the elms, bet \$2 on the daily double and then spend the rest of the afternoon betting \$2 to show—and loving it. Just look at their faces and you know they're having fun. Why don't I bet \$2 to show? Listen, I bet to win. And I'm not fussy about betting favorites, either. The odds make no difference, for, as the old saying goes, half a loaf is better than an empty belly."

To me, these people are Saratoga just as much as the owners and trainers and jockeys whose names are familiar to every reader of the sports page. They're the people who help to make this track, with its rustic and friendly surroundings, one of the truly happy stops on the racing circuit.

RKD

Some underhanded relief

That's the medicine Dick Hyde, who wanted to be a doctor, is furnishing Washington pitching

THE strangest phenomenon in baseball is the submarine pitcher—that rare, underhanded breed of athlete. Outside of Carl Mays, whose confusing underhand delivery killed a batter in 1920, and Eldon Auker, a good American League pitcher some years back, there have been few submarine throwers worthy of note.

Therefore, one of the most startling sights in baseball these days is a fellow who is making his living at this unusual art. Richard Elde Hyde is a slightly built (5 feet 11, 165 pounds) young man of 30 who wears glasses, plans to get married in the fall and throws almost—but not quite—with the same motion as a softball pitcher. Since he works for the Washington Senators, a team of relatively obscure baseball players, it isn't surprising that few people have any idea who he is. Yet Dick Hyde in his second major league season has won nine games, lost only three and saved 17 others so far—and all in relief of hard-pressed Senator starting pitchers who need plenty of it.

When Hyde throws his fast ball, it sinks and when he breaks off a curve, it rises; and such extraordinary baseball behavior is contrary to all the laws of pitching aerodynamics. Gene Woodling of the Orioles says: "Part of the trouble is we never see pitchers like him. But he's got more than that going for him. That curve of his comes in to left-hand batters like me and rises. That's rough."

American League batters will be unhappy to learn that but for an academic misfortune Hyde might have taken up medicine instead of baseball. "I'm no bonus player," says the scholarly-looking pitcher. "Not even one penny of one. I really wanted to be a doctor, and I would probably be practicing in my home town right now if I hadn't flunked Ger-

man in my first semester at Illinois."

Hyde had pitched some at Champaign (Ill.) High and played a little basketball. When that failing grade kept him from going out for sports, he quit college and decided to be a big league ballplayer. In the summer of 1947, Dick turned up with his glove and not much else at tryout camps held by the Cubs and the Cardinals. "They told me to come back next year, which I guess was a polite way of saying they didn't want me."

So Dick went back to Champaign and worked for the water company



BATTERS FIND HYDE'S MOTION PUZZLING

until the next summer and more try-out camps came through his neck of the Illinois woods.

The Senators were the first to arrive, and Hyde dropped in on them. But he got the dates mixed and was a day late. "They wouldn't even look at me but did suggest I try their camp at Fulton, Ky. a week later. I arrived on the right day this time and they looked me over. Only they couldn't use me because the season was too far along. They did say, though, that they'd like to see me the next spring."

Once more Hyde returned to the water company and his dreams of glory. A month later the Senators, finding themselves short of pitchers at their Class D farm team in Concord, N.C., called Hyde. He was on his

way in professional baseball at last.

By 1954 Hyde was no closer to pitching in the majors than he had been the day he flunked German. After two discouraging years in Class D, an unspectacular season in Class B and a few lost years in the Army, he was still just another minor leaguer in the Senators' spring training camp.

"I was really wild. I threw with about a three-quarter arm motion and couldn't find the plate with a sextant. Even my best pitch, a sinker, wasn't working right," says Hyde. "Calvin Griffith watched me one day, though. He told me I had come up a little with my motion since he had last seen me in 1950 and suggested I might be more effective if I came down a little when I threw."

"For two weeks I brought my arm down lower and lower when I pitched until finally the ground stopped me. I found that when I was throwing underarm, I was getting the ball over and it was sinking better."

From that time on, Hyde was a submarine pitcher. To the unsuspecting fans watching him throw underhand at Chattanooga the next few years, he presented a strange sight. There happened to be some softball diamonds near the ball field, and Hyde often heard people shout, "Are you sure you're in the right park, buddy?" One batter even suggested he ought to stand on his head so he could throw overhand like everyone else.

"I don't hear much of that in the majors," says Hyde. "Oh, Jimmy Piersall of the Red Sox will tell me to stop throwing like a girl when he's in the batter's box. But that's about all."

Hyde turned to relief pitching during his first season with Chattanooga when he discovered he didn't have the stamina to go a full nine innings. "Back in college they tested me for a physical course," explains Hyde, "and my arms were the weakest part of my body."

Nowadays when relief pitchers are the glamour boys of baseball, such muscular types as Ryne Duren of the Yankees and Dick Farrell of the Phillies intimidate the batters with brute force translated into blazing fast balls. Lost in the arguments over which of these two is better—and faster—is the fact that neither has a record equal to Dick Hyde, a pitcher who isn't particularly big, doesn't have an eye-popping fast ball and doesn't even throw like a baseball pitcher should.

END

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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Limbering up the legs

46

In its final appearance the sawhorse is used to help increase your flexibility

As the last in her series of exercises using the sawhorse, Bonnie demonstrates a challenging balance stunt that will build flexibility and leg strength—assets in any sport as well as in everyday living. Try doing the exercise to slow muscle, using controlled body movements and setting up several of the horses in a line, like a fence. The starting position, although not shown here in photographs, is just like the first picture below, except that your left leg should hang loosely down to the floor.

While balancing on your right foot with right knee bent, raise the left leg and bring it forward. Keep shoulders, arms relaxed.



Take a long step forward onto left foot and extend the right leg. Keep the upper body erect and use your arms for balance.

VASSS gets a good test

Traditional Newport was the first to try James Van Alen's new streamlined tennis

VISITORS at the Newport Casino rubbed their eyes and indulged in a double take a few days ago. On some of the side courts during the annual Newport Invitation Tournament they witnessed a strange sight and heard noises hitherto unassociated with championship tennis. They saw the server delivering the ball from an added line three feet behind the regular base line of the court. They heard umpires barking, "Score, 15-13" and, "19-18."

This was the competitive debut of a revolutionary new idea for tennis known as VASSS—Van Alen's Serving and Scoring System. Van Alen is James H. Van Alen, president of the Newport Casino in Rhode Island, where he conducts one of the nation's top grass-court tournaments, and overseer of the Tennis Hall of Fame. Jimmy is one of the most influential and most progressive men in the sport.

Last May in this magazine Van Alen proposed his service and scoring system in an effort to pump new vitality and interest into a game which is obviously losing a lot of its spectator appeal. His basic idea is this:

1) Place a service line three feet behind the regular base line to cut down some of the monotony of the present-day big service and subsequent put-away volley. This is intended to restore the backcourt rallies and finesse which made tennis such a spectacular attraction in the Tilden era.

2) Discard the confusing and out-moded scoring system which uses the word love for nothing and gives, heaven knows why, 15 points for the first two winning shots and 10 for the third. Under the VASSS system, the sets would be scored as in table tennis—1 for the first point, 2 for the second, and so on up to a total of 25

or 37 by prearrangement. Each player serves for six consecutive points before turning the service over to his opponent, and the players shift courts after 12 points.

I was intrigued by the experiment and so were many of the top players at Newport. It's streamlined and modern and seldom gets boring, since every point is important.

One of the major faults of modern tennis, most observers agree, is the absence of long and interesting

conducted in the consolation tournament of the Newport Invitation provided long and exciting rallies and plenty of strategic maneuvering—both of which had great appeal for the fans.

The 25- or 37-point set, as advocated by Van Alen, would last less than an hour. Under his system, a player would be forced to win a set by at least two points; thus, when the score reached 24-24 a player would be compelled to win two successive points for victory. This could produce some exciting moments.

The streamlined scoring would put a premium on skill but it would offer little reward for sheer stamina. There would be little excuse for lagging and toweling off on change of courts.

I liked what I saw, yet I feel the plan must be tried in big-time competition to determine its true worth. Some of the players to whom I talked felt the same way.

Ashley Cooper, Australia's Wim-



WITH VAN ALEN COACHING ON SIDELINES, HIS SYSTEM GETS FULL DRESS REHEARSAL

rallies in which players maneuver for positions and openings before making the kill. In matches between men with such powerful serves as those of Pancho Gonzales and Lew Hoad, the ball seldom crosses the net more than two or three times per point. It's boom, boom—win or lose.

The extra three feet between the server and the net take some of the blast out of the cannonball serve, softening its speed and cutting down the target area. The server has farther to advance in order to reach the net, usually making it necessary to hit a few ground strokes before he can gain a volleying position.

Because of this, the experiment

bledon champion, said he didn't believe the VASSS system would substantially change the game. "It still will be a net-rushing game," said Coop. "But I must admit it gives a better opportunity to the receiver."

Cooper's Davis Cup teammate, Malcolm Anderson, agreed in a way. "It would cut down the effectiveness of the big game and make for more rallies," he said, "but I would like to see it tried in a major tournament before making a firm decision."

This it should be, and right now I suggest a trial at Forest Hills either during or immediately after this coming week's nationals. **END**

*The father of radio news commentary, Hans von
Kaltenborn, and his vivacious wife Olga collaborate on
an unusual reminiscence of*

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LOVE and TENNIS

by THE KALTENBORNS, H.V. and O.K.

IN SEPTEMBER of this year we will have been married for 48 years. We have played tennis together for 50 years. Except for the game of love, we find tennis to be the most wonderful game. H. V. was 80 years old in July. O.K. will be 70 in October, and we still play tennis and love it, and we don't believe that tennis is a young man's game—or a young woman's. Of course, we oldsters don't dash up to the net after service. And, when we behave as we should, we don't run for drop shots. We know our limitations; but because we also know the game, we can still have a lot of fun. And as you grow older, you reconcile yourself to losing more often as you reconcile yourself to losing speed and endurance. Alice Marble once said that in tennis she always learned more from losing than from winning. It's good to win, but it's also good to lose, shake hands, smile and tell your opponent how good he was. In the game of life as in the game of tennis you can learn by losing—provided only that you don't lose too often! And this is how it was with us:

H.V. speaking

At about the time I became old enough to play tennis, my family moved from Milwaukee to Merrill, Wisconsin. To the best of my knowledge there was not a single tennis court in all of Merrill. It was a rough-and-ready lumber town, there were only a few rich families, and none of them cared about tennis as a sport.

There were plenty of other boys' games available, and my chief sport at that time was bicycling. I was a proud member of the League of American Wheelmen. Because of my keen interest in bicycling I was appointed local "consul" for the Merrill area. This meant sending notes of interest to bicycle riders, to the league's official newspaper, soliciting memberships and taking the lead in setting century records for the Merrill area. Anyone who bicycled 100 miles in less than 12 hours over rough, dirt roads—motorcars belonged to the future—was entitled to a century pin for his accomplishment. I won several pins for myself, and this helped develop my leg muscles to the point where they have stood up under more than half a century of tennis playing.

During my service in the Spanish-American War of 1898 there could be no thought of tennis, nor could I think of enjoying any kind of sport during my early years at the *Brooklyn Eagle* from 1902 to 1905, when I worked 12 hours a day, six days a week, as a reporter. Not until I began going to Harvard in 1905 and felt very much in need of exercise could I even think of playing tennis. But at that time, because of the solid legs I developed in bicycling, running on the cross-country

continued

O.K. speaking

My earliest tennis days go back to Berlin where I played with my brothers and their friends. At that time, at the turn of the century, young girls in Europe still led a very sheltered life. Until I was 16 I was never allowed to walk on the streets except when chaperoned by our English governess. However, for tennis my brothers were usually with me and one of my earliest admirers was an excellent tennis player. We often went to his parents' villa in Wannsee, just outside of Berlin, where they had a private court.

My father was in the diplomatic service, and some 50 years ago we were sent to New Orleans, where I found the most delightful friends at the New Orleans tennis club. I was 16 years old when the Atlanta tennis club asked players from our club to come to an invitation tournament. It was a wonderful experience in many ways, not the least of which was my first experience with the inquisitive American press.

In Europe we considered publicity not only unnecessary but improper. When a group of reporters came to take our pictures I refused to have mine taken for fear that my family might frown on the publicity. Of course that made the reporters more eager, and they kept asking me questions. To get rid of them I said jestingly: "If you don't go away, I'll tell my father and he'll send the Kaiser's army after you."

The next day the Atlanta papers carried my picture and this headline: BLONDE YOUNG BARONESS THREATENS REPORTERS WITH KAISER'S ARMY. The experience

continued



BLONDE BARONESS O.K., 1906

H.V. AS A SERGEANT, 1906



LUMBERJACK H.V. (REAR) IN WISCONSIN, 1907



H.V. AS FISHERMAN, 1928

O.K. AND H.V. AT HOME, 1955



H.V. speaking *continued*

team seemed attractive. The practice runs of the Harvard team, however, which started at one mile and gradually worked up to five, tired me out to such an extent that I simply had to go to bed early. This I could not afford to do, since I needed the evening hours for study. I was earning my way through Harvard and had to make a good enough scholastic record to hold a much-needed scholarship. So I reluctantly abandoned hope of winning glory as a runner.

It was only two years later, in my junior year, when I had finally worked off most of the regular entrance requirements—Harvard originally accepted me as a special student—that I began to play tennis. I played a miserable beginner's game, but, since there were many others who played no better, it was great fun to run about the court, hit an occasional ball, get a good workout and enjoy the shower that followed.

Upon graduation in 1909 I was lucky enough to receive an appointment as tutor to Millionaire John Jacob Astor's son Vincent. We lived for a while on the Astor estate at Rhinebeck, New York. There was a luxurious, covered tennis court, and one of my duties was to make up a fourth at doubles whenever I was needed. I played so badly that they called on me as little as possible, and since one of my maxims was to try and do well whatever I undertook to do, I made up my mind then and there to learn how to play tennis the first chance I got.

My wife and I had played together occasionally from the time I first met her in 1908, and we had actually won a cup in a handisp tournament at Freeport, New York. But she was always the better player, and it was years before I could beat her. She still insists that she is too wise a wife to do her best to beat me, and I am willing to let her have the last word, at least on this issue.

Yet it was not until 1922, at the age of 44, the same year in which I began my career as a radio news analyst, that I was earning enough money and had enough leisure to join the Heights Casino in Brooklyn. There I began to take regular tennis lessons from a first-class Scots professional, Harry McNeil. For the first time I learned how to grip my racket, how to follow through, how to keep my eye on the ball and how to change the position of my feet when driving a backhand or a forehand. In other words, I began to learn how the game should be played, and I will always be grateful to Harry McNeil for teaching me the fundamentals of the greatest game I know. For tennis has meant a great deal to me for the last 36 years in the way of good health, good fun, good companionship and good exercise. And my real tennis fun began after I was 45, at an age when doctors who do not know the game are apt to tell their patients to stop playing for fear of straining the heart.

The game of tennis has given me friendly contact with many prominent personalities in a pleasant and informal way. I remember, for example, beginning a friendly association with Henry Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture, by playing tennis with him in Washington during one of my frequent visits to our nation's capital. He liked to play before breakfast on the courts of the big apartment hotel where he lived. The first time, we played doubles with the Swiss minister and then wound up with a vigorous set of singles in which I was thoroughly trounced. This was partly because he was the

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O.K. speaking *continued*

taught me never to trifle with American newspapermen!

Half a century ago the summertime German embassy of Constantinople was located in Tarabya—that lovely resort on the Bosphorus. My grandfather was physician to the Sultan Abdul Mahmud in those days, and my sister and I often spent our summer vacations in Tarabya. Turkish women were still kept as virtual prisoners in their homes, so women tennis players were scarce, and my sister and I were much in demand as tennis partners. As a courtesy to my grandfather the Sultan would send his royal *kayik* with 10 oarsmen to give his physician a chance for an outing on the Bosphorus. But since grandfather was usually much too busy, my sister and I with our tennis rackets and our ankle-length white dresses would step into the long elegant *kayik* and, with Oriental carpets trailing behind in the blue water, let ourselves be rowed down to the German embassy.

IN Rio de Janeiro, where I lived for three years before my marriage, we usually played tennis with the members of an English club at Icaraí, a residential suburb across the bay from Rio. Brazilian girls were not inclined to sport, so again my sister and I had many tennis beads. The club was a short distance from our house and we'd often take the local streetcar. There were first- and second-class sections. Our young English friends, clad in spotless white flannels and tennis shirts open at the neck, and we girls in long white dresses and picture hats would always take first-class seats, and invariably the conductor would insist on our getting into the second-class section. In answer to our question "Why?" he would indicate the open-neck sports shirts of our companions. Brazil is noted in my memory for having substituted a collar line for the color line.

It was in Brazil, too, that I first played tennis with my husband. It was when he came to meet my family and celebrate our engagement in December 1909, after he had finished tutoring Vincent Astor. I was a little disappointed in his tennis and made up my mind then and there that I would not try too hard to demonstrate my superiority on the tennis court. But it wasn't long after he began taking lessons that he was able to beat me quite easily.

One can learn something from every player one meets. I remember that on one occasion in our early Brooklyn Heights days I was playing against Mrs. Bargar-Wallach in an invitation tournament. Nobody knew her age, but she had been a tennis player for decades and always liked to help younger players. Her costume was still that of my early girlhood—long skirt, high-necked blouse and flat sailor hat. We were playing at the River Club of New York, and, when it came to changing sides, I suggested that since there was no sun or wind we would save time by not changing courts after every second game.

"But, my dear," she said with a knowing smile, "I always insist on changing sides—you see, that gives you a chance to get your breath back."

We have played tennis all over the world. In Buenos Aires we enjoyed playing mixed doubles with Tom Curran and his daughter—he was then head of the United Press in South America. In Santiago, Chile we were able to arrange mixed doubles with the First Secretary of the Embassy. There, as almost everywhere outside the

continued



H.W. BURNS serves in a family match at his 86th birthday party last July on the Old Field Club courts near his Stony Brook, N.Y., home. His game is notable for its steadiness and accuracy.

H.V. speaking *continued*

younger man, but chiefly because I was the poorer player. We both covered court fairly well, but his strokes were better than mine and he had a harder service.

After our shower Mr. Wallace invited me to breakfast to which I looked forward with my usual hearty appetite. He said that he had something special for me and served the first frozen orange juice I had ever tasted. He had received it as a sample from a company which had just begun to put it on the market. I thoroughly enjoyed it as a first course but was soon to learn to my sorrow that for the Secretary of Agriculture this constituted a "hearty breakfast."

On two of my repeated visits to the Soviet Union I had personal contact with tennis under Communism. Both were in the late '30s. I was in Leningrad on the occasion of a tennis tournament organized by the director of physical culture. In the Soviet Union of that day everything began with a parade, and all the contestants, both men and women, paraded past the Red officials, carrying their tennis rackets on the right shoulder as if they were rifles. They were led by a band and kept fairly good step.

They were then drawn up before a platform to listen to a speech by the sports director. He informed the contestants that as played in other countries tennis was a bourgeois game played by the capitalist class, but that the Soviet Union was determined to make it a democratic game for the masses. They were pioneers in this good cause, and he urged them to perfect their tennis technique so that the Soviet teams might successfully challenge teams from capitalist countries.

When I saw them play later I realized that they had much to learn. They covered court well but relied on hard drives rather than placements to win points. The chief feature of the Russian game of that period was the tremendous force with which they hit the ball. Upon examining one of their balls I found it was much less resilient than ours—which explained why it had to be hit so much harder to travel the same distance.

Several years later I had a second experience with Soviet tennis in the Caucasus oilfields. On my way to a petroleum laboratory surrounded by oil derricks, I had passed a tennis court and stopped to watch the play. The court was uneven and dusty, the net was torn, while balls and rackets evidenced long use. Players and the few spectators soon identified me as a foreigner and began plying me with questions about tennis in the U.S. They were particularly anxious to know how the quality of their tennis compared with that in my country.

This forced me to choose between truth and tact. I decided to be truthful but to emphasize the poor equipment as primarily responsible for their poor play. So I told them about our tightly strung rackets, our all-weather courts and the better bounce of our balls. I suggested that a judicious mixture of oil and soil might provide a better surface and that, while our tennis nets might be as old as theirs, we had found that they could be mended. They were also interested to learn how much an old racket could be improved by replacing one or two broken strings.

Then I went on to the laboratory building and after a brief inspection walked back past the tennis court. Play had stopped, but a large group at the side of the court was engaged in an eager discussion. A German-

speaking player told me what had happened. The chairman of the local sports committee had been one of the players who had listened to my explanations. He had immediately called a meeting of the laboratory sports committee for a discussion: "How can we improve our tennis?" I stayed on for a few minutes and, with the help of my German-speaking interpreter, followed what was a very serious debate on how the most improvement could be secured with the smallest expenditure of money.

It was one more evidence that when Soviet citizens set out to do something in the field of sport they want to do it well and are willing to go to a lot of trouble to achieve their end. Yet it is also true that fewer committee meetings for theoretical discussion and more purposeful practice might be helpful.

W E have flown around the world twice in recent years. Almost every summer we have traveled in Europe, Africa, the Near East or South America. Always we have taken our rackets. We have made many delightful friends through tennis—it is such an easy companionship and more relaxing than just sitting around.

Whenever we arrived in some foreign place the United Press—I always used United Press service for my news broadcasts—or the U.S. Information Agency sent some young men to meet us. "What can we do for you?" was the polite inquiry. They expected us to ask to meet the Premier or the ruling potentate. Instead our reply would be: "Can you arrange a game of tennis for us—we prefer mixed doubles—say at 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon?"

When we asked for tennis in Hong Kong the young newspaperman who had met us phoned to say that he had arranged it and that we would have a surprise. It turned out that one of the players was the charming wife of an English correspondent with whom we had had most pleasant tennis the previous year in Johannesburg, South Africa.

On one flight around the world we had some good doubles at the American Embassy in Jakarta, Indonesia. Here one of our opponents was an Indian woman who played remarkably well, draped in her long sari.

After playing on some courts in the Prater in Vienna a few years ago, O. K. was in the ladies' locker room. There was only one other woman there, and, as is usual, an impersonal friendly conversation resulted. After a few sentences this Viennese woman suddenly asked: "Are you by any chance Mrs. Kaltenborn?" When asked where she had heard the name she replied: "I have just come back from Yugoslavia, where in Bled I played tennis with a young doctor. He told me that you had been there the year before for an interview with Marshal Tito, that you had played together and that you had been good enough to give him three precious razor blades (it was not long after the war) and had sent him a set of strings for his racket since they were unobtainable in Yugoslavia. He said: 'You may meet Mr. and Mrs. Kaltenborn somewhere, since they always travel with their tennis rackets.'"

In Tokyo, in 1947, air bombardment had left few courts available. We had the good fortune to be allowed to play on the court at the bombed-out French embassy, which was still in excellent condition while the house itself was in ruins. The little garden pool was refreshing after the game, even though we had to use one corner

continued



FAMILY ADVERSARIES at H.V.'s 80th birthday party are (from left) his son Roll, granddaughter Annette Robinson, daughter Anne, now Mrs. Attmore Robinson Jr., O.K., H.V., granddaughter Karen Kaltsborn, O.K. and H.V. can still win.

O.K. speaking *(continued)*

U.S., we had ball boys. In Chile they were the most ragged, emaciated boys I'd seen anywhere. But the ball boys on lovely Ball Island were a joy. Not only did they never throw you the ball, they thought they were on the court to perform a ballet, which they did delightfully. They'd throw the ball up as high as they could, then run to the opposite side to catch it, all the while speaking to the ball in a coaxing way: "Here ball! ball! ball!"

And now a word about the inevitable problems that arise when man and wife play on the same side of the net. Every married couple knows that somehow or other, no matter how much you love your wife or your husband—it is sometimes a real trial to play as partners. When playing with a stranger, a woman doesn't mind obeying him if he suggests politely: "Try standing a little closer to the net," or "Let me take the center court shots." But a similar suggestion coming from the man you have promised to love, honor and obey is not only unwelcome but often irritating.

So we agreed to forgo suggestions or criticisms while on the court. Praise is permitted provided it includes no overtone of sarcasm. It is surprising how much self-restraint is sometimes required, especially at the be-

ginning, to observe this simple rule—but it works!

There is nothing like tennis to help you make delightful friends. We are fortunate in counting Alice Marble as one of ours. Not only does she rank with the top women players of all time in skill, grace and power, but she is also unselfish, warmhearted and a wonderful all-round human being. She was always ready to play with us and our friends—and she would play as one of us and really enjoy it.

"How can you get any fun playing with such poor players as we are?" we asked.

"Oh, I can always make it fun," she replied. "Sometimes I play a game with myself—like hitting a ball into a certain corner again and again, or resolving never to miss an overhead smash." She always kept the ball in play and never tried to show how good she was. She could make almost anyone think they were better than they really were. Youngsters adored her, for she was always willing to give them a few valuable hints.

Another great former champion is our friend Elizabeth Ryan. I believe she holds a record in having won 19 championships in women's and mixed doubles at Wimbledon. She also loves the game for the game's sake and is always ready to join in a doubles match, where her consummate strategy enables her to overcome the

(continued)

H.V. speaking *continued*

of the half-destroyed Louis XV drawing room as an improvised locker room.

In Paris we have often played at the Racing Club, that wonderful place in the Bois de Boulogne where the modern French girls in bikinis around the swimming pool are a pleasant sight as you wait for your turn to play on one of the 60-odd courts. And on the courts, too, the current tennis dresses and shorts are the shortest to be seen anywhere in the world.

Speaking of tennis costumes around the world, we have certainly seen them all, from the ruffled long skirts of the Gay Nineties to the shorts of today. O. K. remembers writing a piece for the *Brooklyn Eagle* many years ago in defense of Florence Ballin, a fine courageous tournament player who started New York in the '20s by appearing on the courts in knickerbockers. At that time this was considered revolutionary. We remember lovely Suzanne Lenglen as about the first to introduce the most becoming pleated circular skirt. Suzanne Lenglen was wonderful to watch. On the court she was a dancer, always on her toes. She really never had to start running, because she was always in motion.

O.K. speaking *continued*

inevitable handicap of the passing years. She was, after all, a champion before World War I and is still a strong doubles partner.

Elizabeth is a born tennis teacher and rebels instinctively against fundamental errors. One day when playing an informal game with us in Stony Brook she kept glancing at a young man playing on the next court. He kept serving one double fault after another. Suddenly Elizabeth said: "I can't stand this any longer—excuse me a minute." She ran over to the next court and said to the surprised young man who had no idea who this middle-aged woman might be: "Look here, young man, how can you expect to hit the ball when serving if you throw it behind you instead of in front of you." Taking his arm and racket, she showed him the correct way to serve. He caught on very quickly and was extremely grateful. But he was too young to recognize the name of the pre-war champion who had given him this free lesson, which proves again that the fame of past champions is forgotten all too soon. Yet even today Elizabeth Ryan is still helping youngsters in California to learn how to play tennis.

AND so through our long married life we have played many a happy game of mixed doubles. If God is good to us we will still be playing on the golden anniversary of our marriage, September 14, 1960. Even though we have not accumulated any important prizes, we do have a few—ashtrays, silver bowls and cups won in minor tournaments. We have carefully resilvered our first joint trophy. It happens to be our largest cup, but it is for us an emblem of happy tennis cooperation in the early days of our marriage.

It was a happy omen. We have had 50 years of companionship and pleasure through being able to play together as well as work together. And if any married couple who reads these lines can put 150 years on one side of the tennis court, we'll put our combined total of 150 years on the other and we are vain enough to believe that we have a good chance to win. But the victory must be achieved in two sets, since we probably couldn't last for a third. END

STILL AN EAGER STUDENT AT 74, H.V. LISTENS ATTENTIVELY TO TIPS FROM FAMILY FRIEND AND FORMER CHAMPION ALICE MARBLE



TURF: EXIT THE REAL HORSE

Sirs:

Although a New Yorker, I now live out here in California where I am happy to say that, among other pleasures, children are permitted to enjoy a holiday with their families at the track, watching the sport of kings. Of course they cannot make a bet, which is highly proper, but they can watch sleek, beautiful horses carry flashy, colored silks in contests of speed, which are both exciting and entertaining. That's why I was delighted to read last spring that John W. Hanes, president of the New York Racing Association, was going to allow children into the New York tracks with their parents.

Now I am amazed to discover from your editorial, *But Don't Go Near the Races* (SI, Aug. 11), that Governor Harriman was led by a resolution of the New York City Council to "suggest" that the New York Racing Association think twice about permitting children to go to the races with their families. Since then I understand that Hanes's very fine move has been reconsidered.

As a close friend and admirer of the governor's, it is surprising to me that he would do this. I believe it's far better for children to accompany their parents to the races and enjoy a day together in the open than to be left home in the hands of an unfamiliar baby-sitter, or even alone. It also gives city kids a chance to see real (not TV) horses, so fast disappearing from the city streets.

By the way, I am the producer of *The Fiend Who Walked the West*, the film which you mentioned in your editorial. I think if you take time out to see the picture you will find it by no means a "gimmick" film. It is well acted, well written and, I hope, well made. It has terror in it, yes, but it also has humor and provides great entertainment.

HERBERT SWOPE JR.

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Thank you so much for devoting a page of your fine magazine to the nasty television shows, movies and books to which our children are exposed.

Several years ago we knew some of the drivers at the Hamburg track, and Saturday mornings they let our 8- and 10-year-olds "drive" the horses. It was a big thrill and also a big thrill that night for our kids to sit quietly, outdoors, in a box and watch those same nice men drive their favorite horses. Shortly thereafter kids under 16 were barred from the track and our kids had to go back to looking at horror movies on television. It is not a change for the better.

GERTRUDE WHITESIDE

Hamburg, N. Y.

Sirs:

Your point-blank comment about banning children from New York's race tracks



ROUND AND ROUND THEY GO, WHERE THEY STOP ONLY HOLLYWOOD HIPSTERS KNOW

HULA-HOOPLA (CONT.)

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested to see how the Hula-Hoop (SI, Aug. 4) has caught on here in southern California. The picture shows some of the more than 1,600 children ranging in age from 2 to

16 who recently competed at a "tournament" in (of course) Hollywood. Some of them had got to be thoroughly expert and twirled while tap dancing. What price Frisbee now?

S. W. BADGER

Los Angeles

and the typical boorish advertisements for TV and movies was excellent. Many states outlaw gambling, but the type of "entertainment" that is allowed on our screens is abominable. Thank you for an enlightening editorial.

RICHARD SCHAEFER, D.D.S.

Milwaukee

DAWSON VS. WASHINGTON: REBUTTAL

Sirs:

"To sin by silence when they should protest makes cowards out of men." So says Abraham Lincoln, and surely this great President, who delayed affairs of state lest he miss his turn at bat, would walk at midnight if the national game were removed from the nation's capital. Therefore, though a mere girl and not very brave anyway, I must protest the brutal and completely unfair letter of Mr. Clyde Dawson of Fort Stanton, N. Mex. (19TH HOLE, Aug. 18).

"Washington simply is not a baseball town," says he. The Senators are deeply entrenched in the public's heart; the problem is that the public is not entrenched in Calvin Griffin's heart.

Mr. Dawson claims to have done serious research. This I doubt, because of some of the things he declares or pro-

poses. First, that the Nats are not making money. Ah, but they are making money; not much, but the ballplayers are told at contract time, but a profit, and it looks as if it will be more this year.

Second, in one of his solutions, he suggests that the Buffalo Triple-A franchise be moved to Norfolk. Norfolk couldn't support a Class B. The Norfolk Tars, Piedmont League, folded in advance of the rest of the loop.

Third, in another solution, he suggests moving the Senators to Houston and placing the Cards with Chattanooga. What then becomes of the Nats' already election farm system?

The only problems Washington has are an antiquated park in a rather nasty neighborhood and an antiquated attitude in a very nasty front office.

continued

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Walter Dwyer 7 AF 35 LFI 8—AF 35 LFI 35, John Gorenfeld 9 15-2 18 19—127 10 AF 35, 23—27 24—downings by Andy 21—Barnes Center 24 37—Vt. League South-Mountain 46—21 50—21 21—AF Ted Foyon born 32—24 Morgan 35, 34—Bart and Richard Morgan 23—John C. Zimmerman 24—Pete Knapp for 37—William H. Gorman 41, 33—Edward Meier, 64—Max Peter Hays 62—AF



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19TH HOLE continued

Mr. Dawson also says Washington's population is too transient and cosmopolitan for the big leagues. Are we to further impair our tottering foreign policy by denying the cosmopolitans a view of our national game, and deny the entire country the hit it gets by learning that a four-year-type transient has thrown out the first ball? What would become of that grand old line: "First in war, first in peace, and last in the American League?"

They may not be pennant winners, but they're ours.

MARY DONOVAN

Falls Church, Va.

Sirs:

Mr. Dawson says that it is foolish for Cal Griffith to try to uphold tradition. Mr. Griffith's repeated threats and broken promises show that he cares little for tradition or getting into the public's heart.

Mr. Dawson says that the Senators don't draw because there is too much else going on in Washington. Washington certainly supports the football Redskins. Besides, what does Washington have to distract fans that New York lacks?

JOHN BROADWELL

Annandale, Va.

Sirs:

As long as Cal Griffith is calling all the pitches for the Washington club the proper financial assistance needed to build a ball club will not be given. Mr. Griffith has the money, and so did his father, to build a better ball team if he would loosen his purse strings. The club will not hire a general manager and as a result most trades have proven very unfavorable. A ball club cannot improve under these circumstances.

Don't let Mr. Griffith make you think tradition is keeping him here. If he can find another city that will give him as much authority as he has here and at the same time make more money, then he will move. That is, if the American League is foolish enough to grant him permission.

ROBERT LANE

Bethesda, Md.

WHAT MAKES A PHILLIE FAN DOO?

Sirs:

I note with interest Richard Pollard's description of Phillie fans (21, Aug. 11) as "America's most insensible fans . . . For volume, technique and persistency their melancholy boogie is unsurpassed in either league." As a Phillie fan who attends 10 or 15 games a year, I believe the causative factors can be analyzed:

1) Connie Mack Stadium is the world's most uncomfortable ball park. Leg room is unheard of, and many of the seats are broken, sloping downward from back to front, causing the fans to struggle to stay seated. And there are 58 wide and opaque seats stretching from upper roof to lower grandstand.

2) The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has some extraordinary rules. The sacredness of past-6:59-on-a-Sunday-eve must never be desecrated by baseball (though movies are fine), and everyone must wait

months for the outcome of the second game to be determined. And the Commonwealth, with true paternalism, allows no beer to be sold to steady volatility when things go badly, limiting all to 25-cent Cokes. I suspect that many of the bores are, perhaps unconsciously, directed at the governor and legislature, neither of whom has seen fit to remedy the situation.

3) Loud fan noises in union cause players on both teams occasionally to do interesting and unusual things. (What a shame that Ted Williams does not have the benefit of Phillie Phan!) And evidently we Philadelphia fans have discovered something no other fans have discovered: when you put 34,000 people together in a ball park and have them all produce a sound calculated to frighten players, sportswriters and pedestrians within a 10-block radius of 21st and Lehigh Avenue—it's fun!

MARK N. FINSTON

New York City

GOLF: THE OLD FOUR BALL

Sirs:

Herbert Wind's lament about the turn of the annual PGA tournament from match to stroke play (SI, Aug. 4) prompted a pang of reflection. It was this same dollar sign that caused the demise of golf's greatest pro show. That was the old international Four Ball played in the 1930s at the now extinct Miami Country Club.

It was a better-ball event, match play in foursomes, and the galleries loved it. Horton Smith, Paul Runyan, Denny Shute, Johnny Revolta, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Jug McSpoden, Will Bill Mehlhorn, Jimmy Demaret, Ben Hogan, Willy Cox, Olin Dutra, Willie Macfarlane, Wilie Goggin, Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen were some of the great ones invited to play in the 32-team event each year.

Matches were over 36 holes and had the meadows full of sparkling foursomes. Far meant little. One or another team member was always going for the birdie. Low ball scores were usually deep in the 60s as the boys went all out on every shot.

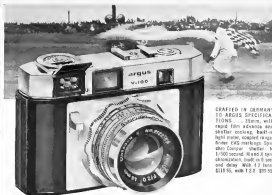
The 8th hole was a fine place to check all fronts. You could watch play into No. 4 green, tee shots and second shots on No. 5, the long second into No. 7 in testy par 3 that was birdied and eagled with abandon. No. 8, a 135 par 3 called the "doughnut," an island green surrounded by water, was played with etiquette and delftness. The ball was not bludgeoned with professional might, but cussed and scalped to the cup with touching effort that figured every blade of Bermuda between tee and lip. It was not infrequent for a foursome to come away with a total of eight strokes on the hole.

It was on the steps to the clubhouse that bouncing Jim Demaret, after carefully pocketing his share of first-prize money split with partner Ben Hogan, broke into song to entertain the partisan fans he had captured on the course.

Some of Florida's and the nation's best golf history was recorded at the Miami Country Club. And the top chapter, for my money, was the international Four Ball. I wish someone with the cash, courage and devotion to the game would revive it. It was golf's greatest tournament.

BILL CAREY

Sarasota, Fla.



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Pat on the Back



WILLIAM HILTON

'The view was fine—still is, thank God'

Fifty-three years ago William Hilton climbed to a 3,200-foot-high perch atop a lookout tower atop Squaw Mountain (which is practically atop the state of Maine) and looked down upon hundreds of square miles of timberland. Having recovered his breath, he jotted down: "Clear. South wind." This unmemorable line was the first entry made by a forest fire lookout.

Hilton and his tower are the ancestors of today's thousands of towers, lookouts, scramble crews, smoke jumpers and other intrepid foresters

who are keeping fire off the top of the list of timber enemies. Among those who have profited directly from this conservation effort is Hilton himself, today a vice-president of the Great Northern Paper Company, whose raw material is the trees he has helped conserve over five decades. From time to time Hilton mounts his old lookout post and always finds satisfaction in the view: "Despite decades of timber-harvesting, the area I see today is just as truly a wilderness as it was that June day back in 1905."

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A man dressed as a fisherman, wearing a white hat with colorful feathers and a red and white plaid shirt, holds a bottle of Wolfeschmidt's Vodka in his right hand and a large fish in his left. He has a finger to his lips in a 'shh' gesture. The bottle label features the brand name 'WOLFSCHMIDT'S' and 'GENUINE VODKA'. The background is a warm, golden-brown color.

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